

THE MONTH

A Catholic Magazine and Review.

AUGUST, 1882.

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IT has often been said that however wide the influence possessed by men of genius over the age in which they live, the influence it exercises over them is far greater than that which they exercise over it. They are in fact the reflection of the spirit which rules their time, and he who towers high above those around, and leaves his mark upon his generation more than all his contemporaries, does so rather because he is a representative of the prevalent temper than because of his individual force moulding other opinions to his own. To bring forward instances of this would be to enumerate all the great men from the beginning of the world. Many a man of transcendent genius has lived and died in obscurity because he was in advance of his age, and sometimes, too, because he was behind it. Many a man whose genius is not easy to discern is reckoned among the roll of heroes because he had this happy knack of seeing whither the current of thought was drifting and helping it on its way. Perhaps we ought rather to say that this was the best proof of his genius.

In the present day the current is setting very obviously in the direction of Free Thought. There is a sort of philosophical activity which will not rest in an illogical belief, and as Englishmen's beliefs are for the most part illogical, they are drifting away from them more and more. It is true that there is a counter-movement in favour of belief—or perhaps, to speak more correctly, a wave of faith which swept over the dreary sea of unbelief, and produced one or two whose names will ever be honoured wherever the English tongue is spoken. But they are the exceptions, not the rule, and belong to an age which is passing away. There is no one to take their places in that home of their youth which at one time, in the opening promise of a second spring, gave hopes of a second summer which should blossom as the rose. The wave of faith is passed and gone, and the current sets steadily in the direction of an agnostic indifference, and he whose influence is at present pre-

dominant among thinking, inquiring, intelligent men (we speak only of those outside the Church) is one whom we may not unjustly call the Coryphæus of agnosticism.

Endowed with an intense mental activity, a power of plodding, persevering labour which is one of the characteristics of genius, of a wide scientific and general knowledge, a clear and interesting style, and a vivid power of illustration, Mr. Herbert Spencer has by his voluminous writings done more towards disintegrating belief among educated men than any other living author. He is no atheist, at least he himself, like Auguste Comte, disowns the name. He is, however, still less a theist. He simply takes Dean Mansel's statements respecting God, adopts them as his own, thrusts aside (and it is no difficult matter) the feeble unreality which Mansel calls Faith, and boldly and fearlessly carries on to their legitimate and logical conclusion the premisses supplied to him. Whether his own standpoint is tenable, it will be my business presently to inquire. At all events, it is not so obviously the side of a snow-slope as are the opinions of his master. At all events, he lands his reader on something which looks like a resting-place, even though it is but a crumbling ledge which hides the precipice yawning beneath.

A brief analysis of Mr. Herbert Spencer's *First Principles*, in so far as they relate to the question before us, is necessary in order that the reader may clearly understand what the agnostic position is. I will begin with the origin of the material universe. In his chapter on *Ultimate Religious Ideas*, he puts forward three intelligible suppositions respecting it. "We may assert that it is self-existent; or that it is self-created; or that it is created by an external agency. But that it should be self-existent is inconceivable, because this implies the existence of infinite past time, which is an impossibility. Even if it were possible, it would be no explanation of the universe, nor make it a whit more comprehensible. Thus the atheistic theory is not only absolutely unthinkable, but even if it were thinkable, would not be a solution." So far so good.

"The hypothesis of self-creation, which practically amounts to what is called pantheism, is similarly incapable of being represented in thought. Really to conceive self-creation, is to conceive potential existence passing into actual existence by some inherent necessity: which we cannot do. If we could, we should be no nearer a solution, for whence the potential exist-

ence? It would require accounting for just as much as an actual existence." Pantheism may then be dismissed as a failure quite as much as atheism.

There remains to be examined (we are quoting Mr. Herbert Spencer throughout almost in his own words) the commonly received or theistic hypothesis—creation by external agency. "The idea of a Divine Artificer shaping the universe, like a human workman, does not help to the understanding of the real mystery, namely, the origin of the materials of which the universe consists. . . . The production of matter out of nothing is the real mystery, while the creation of space is a greater mystery still, for, if space was created, it must previously have been non-existent. The non-existence of space cannot however by any mental effort be imagined. It is one of the most familiar truths that the idea of space as surrounding us on all sides is not for a moment to be got rid of—not only are we compelled to think of space as now everywhere present, but we are unable to conceive its absence either in the past or the future. And if the non-existence of space is absolutely inconceivable, its creation is absolutely inconceivable. But even if we could conceive the universe as created by an external agency, we are no nearer a solution, for the external agent must be self-existent, and the idea of self-existence is an impossible one. Hence every attempt we make to explain the origin of the universe lands us in some idea which is inconceivable, in some idea which is impossible."

If Mr. Herbert Spencer disowns atheism, he is none the less the enemy of theism. He is in fact an agnostic pure and simple, and the above quotations will give to such of our readers as are not familiar with the method of the agnostic an excellent sample of his manner of argument. He devotes himself with a sort of savage joy to the work of destruction, and in language clearly and simply stated, so that he who runs may read, he proves to all who venture to propose a solution which may account for the world round them, that they are only involving themselves in an hopeless contradiction, from which there is no escape—seeking to think what is unthinkable, to conceive what is inconceivable.

From the origin of the universe he proceeds to a similar process of reasoning respecting its nature. We cannot think at all about the external world without thinking of it as *caused*, and the theory of causation involves us at once in the hypothesis

of a First Cause, Infinite and Absolute. To show the contradictions of this necessary hypothesis, Mr. Herbert Spencer quotes verbatim from Dean Mansel. The open agnostic has only to sit at the feet of the orthodox Anglican divine, to accept his premisses and to carry them out to their rational and legitimate conclusion. But before we venture on this part of our subject, I must pause for a moment to examine the argument stated above, and which is supposed to render futile the theistic explanation of the origin of the universe. It is but one instance out of many, a fair sample of the many crooked notions which render Mr. Herbert Spencer's philosophy a tangled maze of fundamental errors.

It may be stated as follows. If the universe was created by an external agent, that agent must have been self-existent. But self-existence is an inconceivable and impossible idea, because it implies existence without a beginning, and therefore existence through an infinite past time. Now an infinite past time is an impossibility, and therefore self-existence is an impossibility, and a self-existent Creator is an impossibility. Hence the universe was not created by any external agent. In other words it is not within our power to assert reasonably and without direct self-contradiction the existence of a God who created the heaven and the earth.

I have said that the chief source of agnosticism is ignorance of the fundamental principles of Christian philosophy and theology, and I could scarcely have selected a better instance than the insidious argument that I have just stated. Indeed, it is by means of the principles of that scholastic philosophy which modern thinkers ignorantly condemn, that we must find our way out of the dilemma in which Mr. Herbert Spencer involves us. For he truly says that creation implies a self-existent being, and if self-existence is an impossibility, creation is an impossibility, and God is also an impossibility. But if we examine the argument he employs to prove that we cannot think or conceive a self-existent being, it is one which—we say it with bated breath—proclaims Mr. Herbert Spencer a most undeniable anthropomorphist. It announces, with a grand flourish of trumpets, a supreme being who is to outtop the Christian God, yet after all he sinks down into the vulgar theory of a God tied down to the conditions of the transient creatures He has made. He tells us that a self-existent being is an impossibility, because such a being cannot have any

beginning of his existence, and existence without a beginning implies existence through infinite past time, and infinite past time is a contradiction in terms. In other words the eternity we ascribe to God is time multiplied to infinity, but we cannot conceive time multiplied to infinity, therefore we cannot conceive a God who has existed from all eternity.

In this argument Mr. Herbert Spencer displays a strange ignorance of the nature of time and the nature of God. According to him, God, if He existed, must have existed through an infinite time. But the Catholic philosopher—nay, any cultivated theist—would have told him that God exists altogether apart from what we call time. God does not exist *in time*. The eternity of God is no more time raised to an infinite power, than the love of God is human love raised to infinity. Time implies change, and God cannot change. Time implies succession, and in God there is no succession of months or days or years. Time implies movement, and God, while His existence is one of the most intense activity, is at the same time one of the most perfect repose. In time there is a past, present, and future, and for God there is no past, no present, no future. Time is the measure of the existence of created things, it varies with their nature, even in ourselves it is affected not a little by the circumstances and the condition of our body and mind. To the sick man it passes slowly, to the joyous how quickly! Active employment lends it wings, and the dull monotony of enforced idleness makes it creep along more sluggishly than the snail. The measure of angelic existence, as St. Thomas tells us, differs altogether from the measure of human existence. The measure of our life in Heaven will be very unlike the measure of our life on earth. Time therefore is something relative, not absolute, and as in God all is absolute, Time has no meaning in respect of His existence. God does not exist in time—no not in infinite time. He is above all time, and before all time, and beyond all time. The existence of God is an existence which contains in itself all temporal existences, but it belongs altogether to a different order of being. It contains them, but under a higher form, and freed from their created imperfections. It contains all that is true in them, all that is good, all that is perfect, but it does not contain those necessary limitations which are the result of their coming into being in time and belonging to the temporal order. It contains them in something the same way as the intelligence of a man contains the intelligence of

some one of the lower animals; there is nothing which they possess which he does not possess, but he is freed from the limits which their nature as brutes imposes upon them. So in the existence of Him who was and is and is to come there is contained (virtually and eminently, as theologians say) all lower forms of existence, but His existence is not confined and hampered by those conditions of time which confine and hamper the creatures He has made.

Mr. Herbert Spencer, by making God exist through infinite past time because He has existed from all eternity, imposes on God those conditions of time which are limited to things created, and degrades the Deity none the less than those who represent Him (literally and not metaphorically) as possessed of human emotions and human weakness, of eye and ear and hand and mouth. No wonder after such a blunder as this that he finds inherent contradictions in the Deity!

There is another fallacy underlying Mr. Herbert Spencer's argument, which is the consequence of his mistaken psychology. He identifies, or rather confounds together, that which we cannot picture to our imagination, and that which we cannot apprehend with our intellect. He makes no difference between that which cannot be represented to the material faculty which is intimately connected with sense, and that which cannot be admitted by the immaterial faculty which is above and beyond sense. He would have us believe that reason rejects whatever the imagination cannot admit. For instance, after saying that on the theory of creation by an external agency space must have been created as matter was created, he professes to upset the theory of creation of space by the following argument:

The non-existence of space, however, cannot by any mental effort be imagined. If space was created, then it must have been previously non-existent. It is one of the most familiar truths that the idea of space, as surrounding us on all sides, is not for a moment to be got rid of—not only are we compelled to think of space as now everywhere present, but we are unable to conceive its absence either in the past or the future. And if the non-existence of space is absolutely inconceivable, then necessarily its creation is absolutely inconceivable.¹

This argument, in syllogistic form, would be stated as follows:

What we cannot imagine we cannot conceive.

But we cannot imagine space non-existent.

Therefore the non-existence of space is inconceivable.

¹ *First Principles*, p. 34.

I will not inflict upon my readers a philosophical discussion respecting the nature of space. It is enough to remind them that space implies measurement, and measurement implies something which can be measured. If material objects could cease altogether to exist, or if they had no extension, there would be nothing to furnish us with that standard of possible measurement which is necessary to the very existence of space. With their disappearance space would disappear also. Space is not an independent sort of entity, which can get on very well by itself; it is essentially dependent on the existence of things that can be measured. Now all things that can be measured are limited, and space consequently depends on what is limited, and is itself limited. Hence infinite space is a contradiction in terms, just as much as infinite time, since space implies limitation, actual or possible, just as time does. God therefore, as He does not exist in time, in the same way does not exist in space, and just as we must think of Him as above and beyond all time, so we must think of Him as above and beyond all space. As time began only when God began His work of creation, and as it will cease to exist, or at all events be completely modified in the manner of its existence, when the course of the world is run, and "time shall be no longer," so space only began when God created the material and extended universe, and will cease to exist, or at least will not be what it now is, when the material fabric of Creation ceases to exist under its present conditions of extension and materiality. It was the creation of the material fabric which first produced space in the sense in which we use the word. God did not first create space and then put things material into it as into a big box, but space was the necessary result of their being, and came into existence with them.

Hence we can think the annihilation of space just as we can think the annihilation of the things contained in space. What we cannot do is to imagine the annihilation of space, for imagination is a material faculty; it paints a picture, and a picture of itself implies space. Imagination cannot get rid of that without which it cannot exist. Thought can and does get rid of the notion of space, because space is not a necessary condition of thought. Mr. Herbert Spencer, starting from his false psychology, confuses the material imagination with the immaterial thought, and the result of his identification of the two is nothing else than a translation of mind into a

function of matter. We might as well say that the existence of a human soul is unthinkable, because if it exists at all it is indivisible, and yet at the same time is present in its entirety in every portion of the human body. We are unable by any effort of imagination to represent to our consciousness this ubiquity of the soul. No picture that we can paint can put before us as possible the presence of the unifying principle whole and entire at the same time in head and hand and foot. But our reason does not refuse to accept the fact because it baffles our imagination to represent it. We know that our imagination is baffled simply because it cannot rise above the bare conditions of matter. Imagination is not thought, and nothing but a complete and suicidal scepticism is the result of identifying them.

Having thus settled the question of the Creation of the Universe, Mr. Herbert Spencer proceeds to raise a series of subtle difficulties about the relations of the world as now existing to a Supreme Being. Having stated what no one can deny, that God, the First Cause, must be Infinite and Absolute, he introduces Dr. Mansel once more upon the scene, and leaves the Anglican theologian to demonstrate the absurdity of these fundamental notions of theism. We postpone this portion of his argument because it belongs rather to our examination of the fallacies by which the agnostics support their negative creed and seek to justify their attack on theism. We are at present concerned in exposing as best we can Mr. Herbert Spencer's position. After proving from the mouth of the spokesman of orthodox Anglicanism that our conceptions of the Deity are self-contradictory, and that the fundamental conceptions of rational theology are self-destructive, Mr. Herbert, unwilling to play the sceptic to the end, proceeds to build up his own system out of the fragments of shattered creeds around. If atheism, pantheism, and theism are equally unthinkable, are we to deny the possibility of truth at all? Is there no fundamental verity contained in either of them? To carry away such a conclusion, says Mr. Herbert Spencer, would be a fatal error. Human beliefs, under whatever disguises of error, contain some sort of truth, more abstract than any of the beliefs encircling it. The abstract character of this central verity is proved from the growing tendency of theology to confess that God understood would be no God at all, that His ways are not our ways, that an unfathomable mystery surrounds the First

Cause, that the Power which the Universe manifests to us is inscrutable, that the reality existing behind all appearances is and ever must be unknown. Through all its successive phases the disappearance of those positive dogmas by which the mystery was made unmysterious has formed the essential change delineated in religious history. Religion has ever been expanding towards that complete recognition of this mystery which is its goal. The agent in this purifying change has been science, which has compelled religion to give up one after another of its dogmas, though at the same time it has from time to time trespassed on the province of religion by classing under things which it comprehended certain forms of the incomprehensible. Science has been obliged to abandon these attempts to include within the boundaries of knowledge that which cannot be known, and so has yielded up to religion that which belonged to it. The conclusion to which science inevitably arrives as it reaches its confines, and to which religion is being irresistibly drawn by criticism is that "an inscrutable power exists transcending intuition and beyond imagination."

But so far all is negative. Mr. Herbert Spencer (I have once more been quoting him almost word for word) has laid down for us that religion and science have hitherto been antagonists, because religion has attempted to explain the inexplicable, to bring the unaccountable within the sphere of the accountable and natural, while science has failed to perceive that even in natural and accountable facts there is at bottom (or in their ultimate genesis) something unaccountable and supernatural. But this destructive process, as Mr. Herbert Spencer knows, will not satisfy the inquirer: he must put forward something positive respecting his Ultimate Reality, his Supreme Being, his Transcendental Entity. If Religion is mistaken in calling it a Personal Being, if this is to degrade it to our own notions, if it is quite wrong in attributing to it intelligence and will, if thereby religion merely magnifies man and calls the monster God—what is it? We will let Mr. Herbert Spencer speak for himself, lest we should seem to misrepresent him. Speaking of the alternative position of a Personal God and a material universe without God, he says:

It is an erroneous assumption to suppose that the choice is between personality and something lower than personality—whereas the choice is between personality and something higher. Is it not just possible that there is a mode of being as much transcending intelligence and

will as these transcend mechanical motion? It is true that we are totally unable to conceive any such higher mode of being. But this is not a reason for questioning its existence, it is rather the reverse. Have we not seen how utterly incompetent our minds are to form even an approach to a conception of that which underlies all phenomena? May we not therefore rightly refrain from assigning to it any attributes whatever, on the ground that such attributes, derived as they might be from our own natures, are not elevations, but degradations? Indeed, it seems somewhat strange that men should suppose the highest worship to lie in assimilating the object of worship to themselves. Not in asserting a transcendent difference, but in asserting a certain likeness, consists the element of their creed that they think essential.²

Here, then, is the creed of our agnostic. We must believe in a God who is neither personal nor impersonal, but something above both, who does not possess intelligence or will, but some higher quality which transcends them. We can assert nothing of Him except that He is transcendently different from ourselves. But if we declare Him Holy, Just, Wise, Good, Powerful, Merciful, we do not elevate but degrade Him. It is impossible to expose satisfactorily the fallacies which underlie this attack upon the God of the theist until I have explained, as I hope to do in my next article, in what way we do apply to God the terms by which we describe human perfections—because it is his ignorance of this fundamental doctrine of Catholic theology which leads this prince of agnostics into his sceptical position. But before building up the Christian position against his ingenious and plausible assaults, it may be well to point out how Mr. Herbert Spencer himself leaps into the very fallacies against which he professes to warn his readers.

It is obvious to any one who reflects for a moment that a complete scepticism is suicidal, that he who says I doubt of everything, exposes himself to the retort: Are you sure of this doubt? And whether he answers in the negative or the affirmative he equally contradicts himself, for if he is not sure that he doubts, his proposition at once falls to the ground by his own confession; if he on the other hand is certain that he doubts, he ceases to be an universal sceptic. Mr. Herbert Spencer, strange to say, falls into a similar trap. If our every assertion respecting the Ultimate Reality is necessarily expressed in terms utterly inapplicable to it, any possible assertion of

² Herbert Spencer's *First Principles*, p. 109.

the agnostic respecting God is one of these baseless and unfounded assertions. If I am degrading the Ultimate Reality, if I lay down a futile and baseless proposition respecting it, when I say that it is personal, because my notion of personality is human personality, I degrade it none the less, and my proposition is none the less futile and baseless when I say that it is existent, since my notion of existence is but the phenomenal existence which lies within my experience. If I can make no true assertion respecting its nature, I can make none respecting its existence, since existence is part of nature, and existent is an attribute no less than personal or omnipotent or infinite or absolute. The agnostic, if he were logical, would be as complete (and we must add as suicidal) a sceptic as he who doubts of everything. He is wasting words when he is talking of what the Ultimate Cause is or is not. When he tells us that it cannot be conceived by us because it is in every respect greater than can be conceived, he is contradicting himself, for he is telling us that this Entity or non-Entity, of which we know nothing, is not only existent, an epithet he has no sort of right to assign to it, but exists in one special and definite manner in that it surpasses our power of conception. When he tells us that it is not personal or impersonal but something higher, he once more tells us that he knows at least one fact about the Unknowable; when he tells us that it transcends intelligence and will, he goes up once more beyond those impenetrable clouds which veil the blank emptiness of his Supreme Being, and gives us a definite information respecting his Unknown and Unknowable. This mighty prophet thus performs a miracle compared with which all the wonders of Christian theology are but mere child's play. He possesses a power which no Supreme Being, real or possible, ever possessed or can possess. God is unknowable to all the sons of men, but yet Mr. Herbert Spencer knows Him! All the statements we make respecting Him are not only without foundation, but involve fundamental contradictions. Yet Mr. Herbert Spencer, rising superior to the laws of his own logic, reveals Him to his privileged disciples. He of whom we know absolutely nothing, and can declare absolutely nothing, is at the same time the Supreme Being—the Ultimate Reality—the First Cause of all—that which underlies all phenomena—that which accounts for all phenomena—that which transcends all phenomena—the object of all religion—the Inscrutable Power—the object of our worship—the Unconditioned—the Infinite—the Absolute!

If this is the science of modern thought, if this is the logic of agnosticism, Heaven defend us from it! If this plausible self-contradiction, this suicidal parody of a creed, is to supersede Aristotle and St. Thomas, Plato and St. Augustine, and all the men of genius who have fought the battle of faith, and scattered to the winds the phantoms of opposing error, then true indeed it is that the modern world has lost the instinct of truth. If our modern sceptic, after attacking theology because forsooth he fancies in his ignorance that it contains fundamental self-contradictions, is then to mock us by a series of positive assertions which contradict the very principle which underlies his whole argument; if he is to set at nought the laws which are the foundation of all logic and all reasoning, and then to be esteemed a mighty philosopher and learned Doctor and teacher of men, we can only wonder how even the present century does not recognize under his plausible assertions and erudite phraseology the discordant note of the intellectual impostor.

But at least this excuse is to be made for Mr. Herbert Spencer, that he is driven into a corner by accepting Dr. Mansel as the exponent of orthodox belief. The monster put forward by the Oxford theologian is certainly so repulsive a being, so impossible an object of worship, that even the alternative of agnosticism is more attractive than the submission to so horrible a caricature of God. Here we are led back to one of the thousand miserable results of the neglect of Catholic theology. Objectors rise up with difficulties against the existence of God, and instead of the skilled warrior clad in the armour of justice, with the shield of the Catholic faith and the sword of heavenly wisdom, out jumps a charlatan who, able though he may be, learned, scholarlike, thoughtful, is still from his very position necessarily a charlatan, and, coming forward to encounter the enemy is wounded to the death, routed, put to flight, driven ignominiously from his untenable position, put to flight by one who, successful enough as long as he has only the task of demolishing his adversary of straw, turns out in his turn a charlatan as soon as he attempts to reconstruct, since he is compelled to commit a sort of intellectual suicide by departing at once from the central dogma of his know-nothing creed, however specious and ingenious the disguises under which he conceals the weapon doomed to slay him.

Thus, then, the whole argument is cut from under his feet. If he is to be consistent, he must not say that science and religion

are more and more leading us on to the assertion of an Ultimate Reality, but, among the attributes assigned, without any foundation in fact, to what men call the Supreme Being, is the attribute of existence, that the conclusion to which science and religion seems to be leading us is as completely without foundation as the assertion of the theist that his God is a personal absolute God, the Creator of all things in Heaven and earth. Instead of saying that the Ultimate Reality transcends those modes of being which we call intelligence and will, he should say that the Ultimate Reality, if there is an Ultimate Reality, may or may not transcend those modes of being which men call intelligence and will. To him, as to every sceptic, we may say, *Suo sibi gladio hunc jugulo*, or rather, he falls on his own sword and needs no adversary to lay him low.

We may assail him from another side. What does he mean when he tells us of a being who is neither personal nor impersonal? If He is neither personal or impersonal He is nothing. If we allow a third alternative, we once more practically set aside the law of contradiction, and admit that between A and not A there may be another mode of being which rises above them both. If Mr. Herbert Spencer answers that personal and impersonal are contraries, not contradictories, since both the one and the other belong to the lower order known to us, not to the transcendental order to which the Deity belongs, we take the definition of person, and are ready to challenge him on this. A Person is by common consent an intelligent Being who subsists by himself. This definition is applicable to God as well as man, to the transcendental as well as the natural order. Yes, answers our adversary, but intelligence is just what you cannot correctly assert of God, for our notion of intelligence is human intelligence. But what do we mean by intelligence? It is the faculty which reveals to him who possesses it the true nature of things. If you deny this to God; if you say that to Him there is not present the true nature of things as the object of His Divine knowledge, you are lowering God, not exalting Him. What more complete degradation of the Supreme Being than to refuse to recognize His universal knowledge of all existing things? Do not tell me that He is above all intelligence, that He has some unknown characteristic or attribute which includes it, only in a higher form, for your words convey no intelligible meaning. Not only cannot such a Supreme Being be "imagined" or "thought," but you are mocking our

very power of thought, you are forcing us to that process against which you so loudly protest, you are compelling us to think what is unthinkable, or rather to give up thinking at all.

The fact is, no more cruel sceptic than this Coryphæus of agnosticism ever sought to drag men down from the ennobling beliefs which foster all that is most beautiful in the moral order to those dreary depths of hopeless unbelief whence issue the foul brood of every vice and misery. If our faculties are so unreliable, if our every statement respecting the Deity, the Ultimate Reality, the Supreme Being, the First Cause, is fraught with contradictions—if the words we use respecting Him (or It) mean nothing, because they belong to a language which is the only language our lips can ever speak or our intelligence apprehend, why, I ask again, does Mr. Herbert Spencer lay down these positive statements respecting the Deity, representing them to his poor deluded followers as rays of light which he in his superior wisdom and keener vision is able to discern amid the darkness around, where a hundred theologians of holy life and exalted genius and well-earned fame darkly groped in vain? He contradicts himself even in his negative statements, for if God is so entirely beyond our ken, how can we define what He is not? If all our language is "conditioned" and subjective, why may not the very statement that we are ignorant of Him be a subjective and a conditioned one, and therefore quite untenable in the unconditioned and objective order, in the order of realities, where we are no longer haunted by the phantoms of the cave and its glare of false light? He contradicts himself still more in his positive statements, for after declaring this Supreme Being to be wholly unknowable, how can he consistently call Him not only Existent, Supreme, the Ultimate Reality, the Infinite, the Absolute, the Unconditioned, but One who possesses a "mode of being higher than personality, as much transcending intelligence and will as these transcend mechanical motion"? He professes to know nothing of God, yet, strange to say, he knows all this! It is a lamentable thing for the cause of Truth that he who starts from these self-contradictory First Principles is recognized as a prophet of modern thought, a leader of humanity in its advance towards a rational philosophy and a scientific creed!

King Henry the Eighth.

CHAPTER II.

THOMAS WOLSEY.

THE picture of which I have attempted to sketch a rapid outline in the last chapter may be accepted as a tolerably accurate representation of the daily life of Henry the Eighth during the earlier years of his reign. His time was spent in show, amusement, and pleasure, not always of the most refined character, but as yet not openly and defiantly sinful. Queen Katherine still preserved her influence, and the Court retained its external respectability. Yet from the beginning the tendency of Henry's mind was the opposite to the intellectual, the refined, and the devotional. His chief companions were men of low tastes and vulgar pleasures, whose language and example could not but influence him for evil. But as long as his wife retained the first place in his affections, her influence and her presence held in control the latent elements of the future evil. In this good work she was powerfully seconded by the presence and the authority of Bishop Fisher, and for a considerable time these two holy souls stood, like Guardian Angels, between the King and the embodied temptations by which he was surrounded.

While Henry was alternating between harmless amusement and objectionable dissipation, the affairs of the kingdom of which he was the recognized Sovereign were not neglected. The internal government and the external polity of England were administered with skill, prudence, and dignity by the firm hand and the master mind of Thomas Wolsey. The history of this great Minister is interwoven so intimately with that of his master that it has become impossible to separate the one from the other; an outline therefore of the leading incidents in Wolsey's earlier career are a necessary introduction to the events which led to his successes and ended in his ruin.

Thomas Wolsey, the future Cardinal, Archbishop, and Prime

Minister, was descended from a family of respectability but not of opulence, which resided at Ipswich, in Suffolk.¹ He was born in 1471, consequently he was about twenty years older than Henry the Eighth. He distinguished himself at the grammar school of his native town, from which he passed to Magdalen College, Oxford, and there obtained his degree at an unusually early age. "He told me," writes Cavendish,² "by his own mouth, that he was made Bachellor of Arts when he passed not fifteen years of age; in so much that for the rareness of his age he was called most commonly through the University the Boy Bachellor." The College was not slow in recognizing his merits; he was speedily elected one of the fellows, and appointed master of the grammar school connected with Waynflete's noble foundation. Here he had under his care the three sons of Sir Thomas Grey, Marquis of Dorset. In 1498 he was appointed bursar of his College, and during his period of office was finished the stately tower "universally admired for its beautiful simplicity and just proportion." About the same time he became acquainted with Erasmus, whose efforts for the introduction of the study of Greek in the University were seconded by the Fellow of Magdalen. Erasmus frequently corresponded with Wolsey, and several of his letters are still extant,³ in which he expresses himself with the confidence and affection of a firm friend. Shortly afterwards he obtained the rectory of Lymington, in Somersetshire, the presentation to which benefice belonged to the Marquis of Dorset, the father of his pupils. But he did not long hold this benefice, which he resigned in 1502 in consequence of

¹ The position which Robert Wolsey, the Cardinal's father, occupied may be inferred from the following extract from his will: "*Item*, I will that if Thomas, my son, be a priest within a year next after my decease, then I will that he sing for me and my friends by the space of a year; and he to have for his salary ten marks. And if Thomas, my son, be not a priest, then I will that another honest priest sing for me and my friends for the term aforesaid, and he to have the salary of ten marks. *Item*, I will that Joan, my wife, have all my lands and [tenements in the parish of St. Nicolas in Ipswich, and my free and bond lands in the parish of Stoke. The residue of my goods not bequeathed I give and bequeath to Joan my wife, Thomas my son, and Thomas Cady, who I make executors of this my testament, and do order Richard Faringdon supervisor thereof." The will is dated September 21, 1486. There is nothing in it to countenance the idea, circulated by the Cardinal's enemies, that he was the son of a butcher. According to Cavendish he "was an honest poor man's son." That the Robert whose will is referred to above, was the Cardinal's father, is proved by a document given in Brewer's Calendar under the date of February 21, 1510.

² The edition here quoted is that contained in the first volume of, Wordsworth's *Ecclesiastical Biography*, pp. 463-677, Edit. 1853.

³ Epp. iii. 30; xi. 1; xii. 28; xviii. 52, &c.

having incurred the displeasure of Sir Amias Paulet, who, "by your leave, sir," says Cavendish, "was so bold as to set the schoolmaster by the feet, during his pleasure,"⁴ in other words, to set him in the public stocks of the town. Under such circumstances it was wise in the Rector to leave the neighbourhood. This unfortunate event, however, did not stand in the way of his future preferment in the world of politics, and before many years had elapsed he stood high in the estimation of Henry the Seventh,⁵ upon whose death he passed into the service of his successor, Henry the Eighth.

Wolsey's promotion was rapid, one dignity followed another in startling succession. From being almoner to the King he was admitted into the Privy Council, he was made Canon of Windsor, Registrar of the Order of the Garter, Prebendary of Bugthorp, and Dean of York. This was but the beginning of the harvest. Were I to chronicle all the good things that came to him, all the rectories, prebendal stalls, deaneries and bishoprics, I should weary the patience of the reader; but as they may be useful for future reference, I throw them together into a note at the bottom of the page, and there I leave them.⁶

⁴ Cavendish, p. 466.

⁵ Wolsey owed much of his success in the Court of Henry the Seventh to the wonderful rapidity and prudence with which he executed a mission to the Emperor Maximilian, with which the King had entrusted him. Cavendish gives the details, which certainly are remarkable, and then he adds: "Now you shall understand that all this tale that I have declared of the good expedition of the King's Ambassador, I had of the report of his own mouth, after his fall, lying at that time at the great park in Richmond; he being then my lord and master, and I his poor servant and gentleman usher."

⁶ Thomas Wolsey;

1471 Born.

Entered Oxford.

1485? B.A. (Tanner, 785).

Fellow of Magdalen (Tanner, 785).

1500 October 10. Parson of Lymington (Tanner, 785).

1505 Chaplain to Henry VII.

1506 Rector of Redgrave.

Envoy to Maximilian.

1509 Feb. 2. Dean of Lincoln (Le Neve, ii. 34).

Feb. 8. Prebendary of Lincoln (Le Neve, ii. 229).

May 3. Prebendary of Lincoln (Le Neve, ii. 214).

Nov. 8. Almoner to Henry VIII. (Rymer, xiii. 267).

1510 July 5. Prebendary of Hereford (Le Neve, i. 524).

Nov. 28. Rector of Torrington (Tanner, 785).

1511 Feb. 17. Canon of Windsor (Le Neve, iii. 391; Rymer, xiii. 293).

Registrar of the Order of the Garter.

1512 Jan. 16. Prebendary of York (Le Neve, iii. 179).

Dean of Hereford (Le Neve, i. 477).

Abbey of St. Alban's, *in commendam*.

It will be asked, what were Wolsey's good qualities, which earned for him such a marvellous succession of preferment. Doubtless he possessed an uncommon aptitude for business, an unwearying energy in carrying out every duty with which he might be entrusted, a keen insight into human nature, its motives, its weaknesses, and its meanness; and to these he joined an intimate knowledge of the political or private circumstances of every individual or community with whom he might be required to transact business. It would be at once unjust and absurd to deny to Wolsey the possession of an intellect of surpassing power and acuteness, kept in balance by a sound judgment and good sense equally exceptional.

But these were not his only qualifications, and in him Henry found a minister admirably adapted to his tastes and wishes. Cavendish, Wolsey's servant, friend, and admirer, shall help us to complete the picture, and the shadows which fall across it are traced by his hand. "The King," he tells us—for I am careful to adopt his own expressions—"the King conceived a loving fancy for him, and in especial for that he was most earnest and readiest in all the Council to advance the King's only will and pleasure, having no respect to the cause. Perceiving him, therefore, to be a mete instrument for the accomplishment of his devised pleasures, the King called him nearer unto himself, and esteemed him so highly that he committed all his will unto Wolsey's disposition and order. Who wrought so all his matters that his endeavour was only to satisfy the King's pleasure, knowing right well that it was the very vein and right course to bring him to high promotion. The King was young and lusty, and disposed to all pleasure, and to follow his princely appetite and desire, nothing minding to travail in the affairs of this realm. Which Wolsey perceiving very well, took upon him therefore to

- 1513 Feb. 19. Dean of York (Le Neve, iii. 126).
Bishop of Tournay (Tanner, 715; Rymer, xiii. 584).
July 8. Precentor of London (Le Neve, ii. 350).
- 1514 Feb. 6. Bishop of Lincoln (Le Neve, ii. 21; Rymer, xiii. 390).
Aug. 5. Archbishop of York (Le Neve, iii. 112; Rymer, xiii. 412).
- 1515 Sept. 7. Cardinal of St. Cecilia (Tanner, 785; Ciaconius, ii. 1408).
Dec. 24. Lord Chancellor (Rymer, xiii. 529).
- 1516 Dec. 7. Legate *a latere*.
- 1518 Aug. 28. Bishop of Bath, *in commendam* (Le Neve, i. 143).
- 1521 July 29. Ambassador to Charles V.
- 1523 April 30. Bishop of Durham, *in commendam* (Le Neve, iii. 293).
- 1527 July 3. Ambassador to Francis I.
- 1529 April 6. Bishop of Winchester, *in commendam* (Le Neve, iii. 16).
- 1530 Nov. 29. Died at Leicester.

discharge the King of the burden of so weighty and troublesome business, putting him in comfort that he should not need to spare any time of his pleasure for any business that should happen in the country. Wolsey, having a secret intelligence of the King's natural inclination, so fast as the other councillors counselled the King to leave his pleasure and to attend to his affairs, so busily did the other persuade the King to the contrary, which delighted him very much, and caused him to have the greater affection and love to Wolsey."

With these and many such like passages before us, it is no difficult matter to understand Wolsey's true character. Keen, observant, and intelligent, gifted with a quick intellect and an eloquent tongue, rapid in conception and firm in execution, nature had endowed him with the qualifications which, had he been conscientious, would have enabled him to render the highest services to England and England's Sovereign. But Wolsey made his conscience subordinate to his ambition. He was avaricious and selfish, greedy of power and careless as to the means by which he attained it; his private life will not bear scrutiny; and he condescended to purchase his own advancement by flattering the weaknesses and the vices of his royal master. If, at the last, Henry paid back with interest the long-accumulating debt of punishment which was due to his unworthy Minister, however much we may pity the sufferer, we cannot but see in his fall another illustration of God's retributive justice.

I am aware that this estimate of the moral worth of England's great Cardinal is different from that which finds the most general acceptance among us at the present time. With every respect for the opinions of others, it seems to me that the popular verdict has been pronounced upon the consideration of only one half of the evidence which has to be considered; that portion, namely, which is favourable to the intellectual and political qualities of the great Minister, while the testimony which speaks against his moral worth has been comparatively disregarded. But surely the man is to be judged by what we know of his whole character, not by what constitutes only one section of it. All that need be asked is the single question: Did Wolsey act according to the principles of Christian morality? And if we find that herein his daily practice habitually and systematically fell beneath that which is generally considered as a fair standard of the life

of a dignitary of the Catholic Church, nothing that can be said in praise of his lofty intellect can be accepted as an apology or an equivalent.

Of Wolsey's merits as a politician there can be only one opinion. Under his administration England rose to a high rank among the powers of Europe, and maintained it so long as he continued to direct her domestic and foreign affairs and no longer. The nation was prosperous and contented; the public tranquillity was undisturbed; justice was wisely and firmly administered, and the exchequer sufficed to meet all the heavy demands made upon it by the King's lavish expenditure. Henry saw no reason to interfere in any of the departments of State with the administration of which he had entrusted his favourite Minister; and for a time he pursued his amusements with a quiet conscience. Presently however the temptation grew stronger and the resistance weaker, and the King trifled with what he knew to be sin. Yet even then, when he might have been saved had Fisher been at hand, not only did Wolsey permit him to go onward in unchecked licence, but (as if to encourage him in it) he himself adopted a prodigality of extravagance which at times seemed to rival, or even to eclipse, the costly frivolity of his royal master.

An illustration of the style in which Wolsey's house was conducted is given by Cavendish; and the perusal of it will teach us more about the character of the man than pages of general description. We are told by the candid biographer that such pleasures were then devised for the King's consolation or comfort as might be invented or imagined; and all this by Wolsey, be it remembered. Banquets were set forth, masks and mummeries, in so gorgeous a sort and costly manner, that it was a heaven to behold. There wanted no dames nor damsels meet or apt to dance with the maskers (of whom, of course, the King was the chief), or to garnish the place for that time with other goodly disports. I have seen the King, writes Cavendish, come suddenly thither in a mask with a dozen maskers, all in garments like shepherds, made of fine cloth of gold and fine crimson satin paned, and caps of the same, "with vizors of good proportion of visnamy," their hairs and beards either of fine gold wire, or of silver, or else of good black silk; having sixteen torch-bearers, besides three drums and other persons attending them, with vizors clothed all in satin of the same colour. Not

only was this elaborate and costly pageantry exhibited in the Cardinal's presence and in his own house, but he himself took his part in it, entering into its spirit and appearing as one of the performers. The result was unavoidable. Wolsey could exercise little or no moral restraint over the King after condescending to play at romps along with him, in such company and under such circumstances as these. This "saluting of all the dames," this "perusing of all the ladies and gentlewomen" in the presence of the highest ecclesiastic of the realm, and apparently with his sanction, was followed by results which might have been expected. In the first place, it lowered the tone of public morality in general and of the clergy in particular. Sir Thomas More refers to the "proud and pompous apparel that many priests in years not long past were, by the pride and oversight of some few, forced, in a manner, against their own wills to wear," and points to it as having occurred "in my lord Cardinal Wolsey's days."⁷ The people were estranged from the Church and the ministers of the Church; "they found default at such abusions and disorder, and henceforth they loved no priests." As for the King, we now begin to hear of the scandals of the family of the Boleyns, which were followed by the more distinctly recognized connection which he formed with Elizabeth Blount. This new royal favourite was one of the ladies in waiting to Queen Katherine, and as such, under the date of May, 1513, one year's wages were paid to her.⁸ She was still at Court on the Christmas of the following year, when, among the persons who took part in the "mummary," are mentioned along with her, the King, the Duke of Suffolk, Sir Thomas Boleyn and his son George. This suspicious intimacy must have begun as early as 1514, since in the autumn of that year Suffolk desires to be remembered to Mistress Blount and Mistress Carew, words which seem to imply that the connection was already well known to the Court scandalmongers.⁹ "This damsel (according to Hall) in singing, dancing, and in all goodly pastimes, exceeded all other; by which goodly pastimes she won the King's heart, and she again showed him such favour that by him she bore a goodly man-child, of beauty like to the father and mother."¹⁰ After the birth of her son a husband was found for this lady in the person of Sir Gilbert Talboys, son of Sir George, who apparently

⁷ *English Works*, p. 892.

⁸ Brewer's Catalogue, vol. ii. p. 1461.

⁹ *Ibid.* 5523.

¹⁰ Hall, p. 703. This was in 1519.

at the time was in Wolsey's service. The Cardinal's enemies were not slow to affirm that he himself took some trouble to promote this disgraceful alliance.

Henry lavished his affection upon this child of his sin. Richard Croke, the celebrated Grecian, and John Palsgrave, the author of the first French Grammar in the English tongue, were the boy's instructors. Writing to the mother of his pupil, Palsgrave thus expresses himself: "Madam," says he, "to be plain with you on my conscience, my lord of Richmond (Henry's base-born child) is of as good a nature, as much inclined to all manner virtuous and honourable inclinations, as any babe living. Now is my room undoubted great about him; for the King's Grace said to me, in the presence of Master Parr and Master Page—two of the Duke's council,—'I deliver,' quoth he, 'unto you three my worldly jewel; you twain to have the guiding of his body, and thou, Palsgrave, to bring him up in virtue and learning.'"¹¹

In 1525 the King had not only cast aside all shame as to the parentage of the child, but by a very significant act he gave the world to understand that England was expected to see in him her future Sovereign. He makes a parade of "the sincere and eternal affection which he bears to his most illustrious cousin Henry, Duke of Richmond, born of our family," whom he salutes in the style usually adopted towards royalty.¹² Henry's "entirely beloved son, the Lord Henry Fitzroy," as Wolsey is content to designate him, then a child of six years old, was created Duke of Richmond, a title which had been borne by the King's own father before he ascended the throne as Henry the Seventh. The splendour of the ceremony excited astonishment even in a Court of such lavish parade as that which now witnessed the creation of the base-born Duke. Numerous grants of land witnessed the King's "sincere and lasting affection, equal in modern computation to £40,000 or £50,000 a year," "no bad provision," remarks Mr. Brewer, "for a child of six or seven." The same intelligent writer remarks that these allowances and others which were heaped upon him seem still more ample when contrasted with the meaner provision made for Henry's legitimate daughter, Mary, who was three years older. Katherine, humble and submissive as she generally was to the wishes of her husband, could scarcely be expected to see without emotion her own child placed in a position

¹¹ Brewer, iv. 2595.

¹² Rymer, xiv. 42.

of such marked inferiority to that of the concubine, for the Duke of Richmond took precedence of all the nobility, even of the Princess Mary herself. "It seems," says the Venetian Ambassador, "that the Queen resents the earldom and dukedom conferred on the King's natural son, at the instigation, it is said, of three of her Spanish ladies, who are her chief counsellors; so the King has dismissed them from the Court. A strong measure, this; but the Queen was obliged to submit."¹⁴ Yes, the Queen was obliged to submit; but the national indignation which was called out by this scandal of Henry's connection with "Besse Blount," as she is styled in one of the articles which form the basis of Wolsey's impeachment, still further obscured the esteem which would otherwise have been paid to his acknowledged talents and surpassing genius as a politician. Men had ceased to think of him as a churchman, or to treat him as a priest.

In the presence of Henry's profligacy and Wolsey's connivance at it, the English Court had ceased to be respectable. For long it had been deserted by Fisher, and More knew it too well to find any pleasure within its precincts. Henry contented himself in the company of associates whose tastes, language, and habits were congenial to his own. His companions were for the most part degraded sensualists, among whom the Boleyns were conspicuous. Anne's father was there, and her brother George, Sir Francis Bryan was her cousin, Norris was a near relative and an admirer, and the Duke of Norfolk was her uncle.¹⁵ The day was spent in hunting and the night in gambling. It occurred to some one or other of these men that they might strengthen their political influence

¹³ *Id.* p. cxlii.

¹⁴ Venet. Cat. June 29, 1526.

¹⁵ The late Mr. Brewer, at the time of his premature death a benefited clergyman of the Church of England, shall tell us what he thought of Henry's associates at this period of his history. "There was hardly one of them whose character was not seriously tainted with that vice against which the unsullied purity of More's mind revolted; not one who looked upon the transgression of the marriage vow as deserving reprobation or censures or at least as worse than a jest. Suffolk had been betrothed to one lady, then married another, then abandoned her on the plea of his previous contract, for the lady whom he had in the first instance rejected. Norfolk lived with his Duchess on the most scandalous terms. Sir William Compton had been cited in the ecclesiastical court for living in open adultery with a married woman. The fate of Norris and Sir George Boleyn is too well known to require comment. Sir Francis Bryan, the chief companion in the King's amusements, and the minister of his pleasures, was pointed out by common fame as more dissolute than all the rest" (*Calend.* iv. ccxx.).

in the Court by stimulating the sensual proclivities of the King even at the expense of the honour of one of the family; and with this view Anne Boleyn was placed in Henry's way in order that she might tempt him into sin, and drag him yet lower in the downward path in which he was now walking so recklessly.

If I be charged with here stating as a fact what at best is only a theory, I am willing to modify the accusation and to advance it in a less repulsive form. Let it be put thus: Anne Boleyn was placed in Henry's Court without any suspicion of evil results; and without any fault on her part she soon attracted the admiration of Henry. Be it so. But the King's character was well known, to none better than to the family of the Boleyns. He made no secret of his feelings, and his intentions soon explained themselves. How did Anne's guardians act under the circumstances? The poor girl was not removed from the Court. She was decked with flowers, and offered as a sacrifice to the impure Silenus. If she saw her danger and attempted to escape from it, she was not permitted to do so. She was bound to the horns of the altar, and there she was doomed to wait until the high priest should come forward and claim the victim. Father, mother, brother, uncle, cousin, all connived at the traffic; and the royal libertine pursued his advances under the very eyes of her kindred, with their tacit approval or their open encouragement.

According to Mr. Brewer, who is the most recent authority upon the subject, Anne Boleyn returned from France towards the end of 1521, or in the spring of 1522, and appeared at the English Court shortly afterwards. It has frequently been stated that on her arrival she was admitted into the household of Queen Katherine as one of her maids of honour; but this is questionable, as her name nowhere occurs in the lists of her Majesty's establishment. At the time of her first appearance in Henry's Court she was in her sixteenth year, consequently she must have been born in 1506 or 1507. In the former year Henry was fifteen years old which disproves the hideous story mentioned by Sanders and others, who charge Henry with being Anne's father, the result of a criminal connection with Lady Boleyn, Anne's mother. But it does not disprove the charge of an adulterous intercourse having existed between these two parties at a later period; a

charge frequently made, generally believed, and never contradicted by any contemporary historian.¹⁶

Anne soon made an impression upon the English courtiers, and contrived to attract a large share of their admiration. She might have become Countess of Northumberland, but for the influence of the King and Wolsey. It is admitted by her accusers and apologists alike that there was something peculiarly winning about the girl; something in her appearance, manner, dress, carriage, and conversation, which gained for her the approving notice of the gallants of the Court. The fascination which she exercised certainly did not arise from her timidity, or her simplicity, or her girlish diffidence; her power lay in a different direction. It assuredly was not due to her personal beauty of feature, for nature had not bestowed upon her any prodigal allowance of that dangerous gift. She attracted notice and she won admiration by the exercise of qualities which were especially adapted to make her popular in such a Court as that which took its tone from Henry. On the part of Anne there was no troublesome excess of modesty, and still less of reserve. She cheerfully accepted the homage which was paid to her without much regard to the delicacy of the language in which it was expressed. It soon became evident that she was not easily shocked either by that broad levity of address or that indecorous familiarity of conduct which had become naturalized in the royal household. Henry joined in the general admiration excited by the arrival of a new plaything. Anne saw the impression which she had created, and so did the courtiers. The King had the art of making himself understood, and it was not safe to thwart him either in his lust or his vengeance. When it became evident that his Majesty meant to be in earnest meaner votaries stepped aside and left him to pursue his dangerous game

¹⁶ Popular opinion dealt with Lady Boleyn as one respecting whose sin with Henry there could not be a question. Speaking of his connection with Anne, one Mrs. Amadas affirmed that "the King kept both the mother and the daughter; and that my Lord of Wiltshire (Sir Thomas Boleyn) was bawd both to his wife and his two daughters" (Brewer iv. cccxxiii.). Painful as the subject is, it is one that cannot be permitted to pass unnoticed. While I am compelled to quote, yet I apologize for quoting the two following passages from among others of the same character. In the Record Office is a document, written when Anne was Queen of England, which records an "accusation brought against a priest named Jackson for having charged the King with adultery committed with Anne Boleyn and Lady Boleyn, March, 1533" (Pocock, *Records of the Reformation*, ii. 468). Nicholas Harpsfield, Archdeacon of Canterbury, writing in the reign of Queen Mary, says he had "credibly heard it reported that the King knew the mother of the said Anne Boleyn."

without a rival. Where was Henry's Angel Guardian? Where was Fisher, where was More, where Katherine of Aragon? He had banished them from his presence. He had asked to be left alone with his passions, and he had been heard. Anne beckoned, and Henry followed, and the guilty couple entered on that downward path which led them both to destruction.

The pictures of Anne Boleyn, either of pen or pencil, which have come down to us, do not impress us, as we have already remarked, with any very exalted idea of her personal beauty. The Venetian Ambassador describes her in the following terms: "Madame Anne is not one of the handsomest women in the world. She is of middling stature, and dark of complexion, having a long neck and a wide mouth. Her bust is not prominent, and in fact she has nothing but the English King's great appetite, and her own eyes, which are black and beautiful, and produce great effect on those who once served the Queen (Katherine) when she was in her prosperity."¹⁷ The Protestant theologian, Simon Grynæus, was more easily pleased than the more refined Venetian; according to him "she was young, good looking, of a rather dark complexion, and likely enough to have children."¹⁸ This was in the month of September, 1531. Nicolas Sanders describes Anne as "rather tall of stature, with black hair, and an oval face of a sallow complexion, as if she were troubled with jaundice. She has a slightly projecting tooth on the upper gum, and on her right hand she has six fingers. There was a kind of wen under her chin, to hide the ugliness of which she wore a high dress, which covered her throat and the upper part of her bosom. In this she was followed by the ladies of the Court, who also wore high dresses; whereas formerly they had been in the habit of wearing their necks and the upper part of the person uncovered. In figure she was handsome; especially she had a pretty mouth; was amusing in her ways, she played well on the lute, and danced admirably. She was the model and the mirror of the courtiers, for she was always well dressed, and each day she made some change in the fashion of her garments. But as to the disposition of her mind she was full of pride, ambition, envy, and impurity."¹⁹

¹⁷ Brown's Venet. Cal. iv. p. 365.

¹⁸ Orig. Letters, Parker Society, letter cclvi.

¹⁹ *De Schismate*, p. 17, ed. 1587.

It is impossible to suppose that the King's new amour could long escape the vigilant eyes of Wolsey.²⁰ The King anticipated the possibility of a discovery by taking the Cardinal into his confidence. Wolsey's gentleman usher gives us all that we need know about it, and his statement is confirmed in its leading points by the testimony of independent documents. Like nearly every other question connected with "Mistress Anne," it contains unpleasant revelations; but it is essential to the history of the period that its details, however repulsive in themselves, should be clearly stated and fully understood. Cavendish then tells his story in this wise. He tells us that shortly after Anne's return to England she received a proposal of marriage from Henry Percy, who on the death of his father, in 1527, became Earl of Northumberland. It was a brilliant alliance, and Anne willingly accepted the proposal. She did not yet know the impression she had made upon the King, or if she did she had the grace to prefer an honourable marriage to a disgraceful connection with royalty. Henry, however, was not to be thwarted, and he determined that Anne should break her engagement with Percy. "He could no longer hide his secret affection, but he revealed his whole displeasure and secrets unto the Cardinal on that behalf, and willed him to infringe the assurance (he means, break the contract) made then between the said Lord Percy and Mistress Anne Boleyn."²¹ Wolsey, Priest, Bishop, Cardinal, and Prime Minister of England, heard Henry's avowal of his intentions, and then consented to do the bidding of his master. Finding the young lord intractable he sent for the Earl his father, and by threats, warnings, and violence, "the former contract was dissolved." At this abrupt termination of her first matrimonial speculation Anne "smoked," says Cavendish, promising that if it ever lay in her power she would work much displeasure to the Cardinal. But if Wolsey had offended one of the Boleyns, had not he gratified his master? Still his gentleman usher can find an apology for him. "And yet," says he in courtly phrase, "the Cardinal was not in blame altogether, for he did nothing but by

²⁰ Harpsfield, in his *Historia de Divortio*, p. 736, Edit. fol. Duac. 1622, states without hesitation that Wolsey was fully aware of the King's feelings and intentions, but that, caring more for his own honour than the health of Henry's soul, he connived at what was going on, and so fanned the growing flame. The opinion of Harpsfield is worthy of respectful attention, and in a following chapter I shall have occasion to bring it more fully before the consideration of our readers.

²¹ Cavendish, p. 501.

the King's devised commandment." Thanks to the interference of the Cardinal, the royal libertine had the opportunity of pursuing his designs undisturbed by the presence of a rival. Wolsey left her to her fate. Her parents and relations made no effort to save her from destruction. But Anne could take care of herself; and when at length she perished, she dragged down with her into a common ruin all who had helped her in the crimes of which she was at once the executioner and the victim.

The Cardinal seems to have imagined that this criminal infatuation on the part of Henry would speedily exhaust itself by its own intensity, and that as soon as he had gained his end he would begin to weary of this his latest plaything. Some new passion would make him forget the present, and Anne would be dismissed just as her sister had been, and twenty others whose names are unrecorded in the scandalous chronicle of Henry's gallantries. But there were among the advisers of this young woman some whose intentions stretched far beyond such an impotent conclusion, and who saw in her the means of attaining wealth, power, dignity beyond what she herself would probably have ever contemplated. Under their guidance Anne entered upon another phase of her eventful history. Henceforth she is to appear before us in a new character.

JOSEPH STEVENSON.

A Summer in the Ariège.

CRACK goes the whip! Crack, crack, louder and louder still with a startling prolonged sound common to colonial and continental regions; it mingles with our dreams and then awakens us. We remember that we have a matutinal excursion before us, and lazily arise to open the window and signify to an abnormally punctual jehu that we shall speedily descend.

With that breath of mountain air, with the jubilant music of an adjacent cascade our drowsiness vanishes, we are able to admire the picturesqueness of the equipage and driver as seen by the flashes of the lamps, and making a hurried toilet, are soon borne away at a rattling pace by two spirited little mules which seem to delight in sounding to the utmost their very liberal allowance of tiny silvery bells.

But where are we? In the most distant part of the Ariège, among the hills and valleys that fringe the Eastern Pyrenees; in a land of rocks, of forests, of torrents; with never a step that does not offer some new glimpse of beauty, which at present however must be left to the imagination, for it is but two o'clock in the morning. On this occasion we are bound for the Col de Puymorens, to have a peep into Spain, and afterwards visit one of the famous iron mines, and while the carriage rolls onward in the brilliant starlight, the atmosphere, if a trifle chilly, being deliciously bright and clear, it may perhaps be as well to inform the reader how it happens that we find ourselves in this glorious summer of 1881 in a part of France so little known even to the majority of its own inhabitants, as is the nevertheless extremely interesting southern department, which represents the ancient Comté de Foix. It was not then the desire "to get beyond railways," or to go "where nobody else has been," that influenced our choice of a holiday tour. We were simply in search of rest and change of scene at moderate expense in conjunction with sunny skies and mineral waters, and the kindness of a friend

enabled us to find all these in the most delightful manner by the offer of rooms in a charmingly situated country house within a short distance of some of the most efficacious of the numerous thermal springs of the Pyrenees.

When we announced our destination no one had ever heard of such a place! Ax naturally meant Dax! No! Then we must intend to speak of Aix les Bains. For the little town close to the Spanish frontier, although mentioned in guide-books and cursorily alluded to in a few travels, had slipped out of recollection, and on the whole our expedition seemed to be looked upon as highly erratic and too venturesome to be altogether prudent. Nevertheless on a stifling night in June we took the train for Toulouse, and after staying there just long enough to rest and see the magnificent exposition of relics which takes place during the week between Pentecost and Trinity Sunday, continued our journey by rail and diligence. Of the relics, however, a word more must be said, for they not only number amongst them the body of our own King Edmund the Martyr, but it is averred that no church save the Roman Basilicas possesses so great a number as does that of St. Sernin, and the effect of its magnificent nave lined on each side with reliquaries of great splendour and filled with fervent worshippers, was exceedingly impressive, more particularly each night during the octave, when a certain number—about forty—of the relics were carried three times round the church; on one day those of the martyrs, on another those of the confessors, on a third those of the holy virgins, and so on, to each class being assigned its separate day; and it was very consoling to see the length of the procession composed wholly of men bent upon doing honour to their patrons within the walls of the sacred edifice, since they are no longer allowed as formerly to carry them round the town. Another sight not less touching but more sorrowful is that of the closed door of the Jesuit church, a perfect mass of wreaths and flowers offered to "Our Lady of the Seals," before which the passer-by does not fail to kneel and plead for the return of the well-beloved Fathers.

The railway for the present reaches no farther than Tarascon, but in the course of a few years it will be continued to Ax. After having swiftly traversed a country of increasing picturesqueness, we were not sorry that we should have a more leisurely survey of what was in store for us, and transferred ourselves and our belongings to the lumbering vehicle that

awaits travellers at the station. Just at this moment, however, rain began to fall so that our view of the lovely gorge we were ascending was by no means what it might have been, although at intervals the sun bursting forth and the clouds sweeping away from the mountains would disclose to us for a few moments some snow-covered peak, the hills immediately near us being rocky, wooded, and in places covered with vineyards, while walnut, pear, chesnut, and cherry trees were seen lower down, the road all the while keeping close above the Ariège, which is at this part of its course but a foaming torrent. After a drive of three hours, during which we passed several poor looking villages, our vehicle came suddenly to a halt—by this time rain was falling heavily, and the weather had become extremely cold—and we were requested to get out and claim our luggage, which being deposited in the mud by the road-side, the diligence sped onwards, leaving us to the tender mercies of two individuals who, handing us huge red umbrellas and welcoming us to “le Castelet,” shouldered some of our numerous packages and requested us to follow them. At that time we did not make many observations as to our whereabouts, but floundering down a lane ankle-deep in mud and turning in at an iron gate made the best of the way to the house, and were delighted to find ourselves in a snug kitchen garnished with plenty of bright copper pans, a wood fire glowing on the hearth, some kind of cookery simmering on the stove, and a bright bustling old body in short skirts, the scarlet strings of her hempen sandals crossed many times round her ankles, and her head covered by a red and yellow handkerchief mysteriously and scientifically knotted, which set off cheeks like a russet apple, and brown eyes that had not yet lost their sparkle, preparing to minister to the wants of the inner man. The next morning we took a look at our quarters, and on emerging from the spacious saloon with its carefully shaded windows into the bright sunshine without, found that the house—which forcibly reminded us of a huge slice of mouldy cheese, so crumbled away was its once yellow plaster, so faded its many green painted shutters—was in a complete hollow closed in by mountains on all sides, and fronting a kind of terrace planted with three rows of magnificent lime, chesnut, and pine trees, one end of which overhangs the river, where it falls from a considerable height amidst rich verdure in five lovely cascades into a sort of rocky basin before taking another great plunge and continuing its

impetuous course towards Tarascon. The "little château," as its name imports, has originally been a long low building with a door in the centre and two ends intended for offices, with each their separate entrances, but being at one time used as an orphanage for boys, an upper story with a row of small rooms at the front and back has been added, and the little windows with their frames stained with ochre have the oddest effect, while the rude carving of the eaves gives a somewhat Swiss appearance to the whole, particularly as a wooden bridge connects the upper story with the rocky platform on which stands a pretty chapel.

Just opposite, almost at the top of the falls, and peeping out through the trees is an old flour mill, to the right are the remains of a Catalan forge, up higher a saw-mill in constant work, and again a little higher a bridge leading to the high road, from which bridge you have at either side most lovely views, more cascades in the foreground, and beyond, looking towards Ax, a line of craggy peaks which clothe themselves at the different hours of the day with most ravishing tints of blue, of violet, and of softest greys and browns. At the back of the house are small orchards and gardens, stretching towards and climbing up the rocks which, clothed with acacia trees and other foliage, form a truly beautiful background, while a streamlet that afterwards falls into the river makes its apparently peaceful way through the meadow. It does not require much, however, to convert this friendly source of irrigation into a terrible foe. A little too much rain or too heavy a snow fall on the mountains, and it suddenly rises, carrying all before it, and having in a few hours done a mischief that will take long to remedy. It is difficult to describe the exquisite mingling of pasture, wood and water, of rocks and hills and cultivated fields, that form the lovely picture, the trees grouping themselves naturally in a way that would delight an artist. In winter, at least in a rainy one, the place would be gloomy and the days terribly short, but in summer and autumn it is charming.

But our digression has been somewhat long, and it is time to return to the splendidly constructed *route d'Espagne*, which ascends gradually through grand gorges and mountain valleys from Ax to Merens and Hospitalet, and is afterwards conducted in sweeping zig-zags up the mountain side till it passes over the Col at a height of 6,293 feet and stretches away towards Puycerda. The effects of sunlight were extremely beautiful as the first

rays caught the hill tops and rocky peaks while we and the road were in deep shadow. We had not brought wraps enough with us, and having become thoroughly chilled, thought it prudent to walk a good deal and thus were able to gather handfuls of beautiful flowers, white and lilac fringed pinks, crimson sweet-williams, monkshood, mulleins, campanulas, and even an occasional *rose des alpes*. The two villages of Merens are finely situated in the widening valley with mountains of picturesque outline around them, the nearer ones being grass-covered and good for pasture, but all the animals except the goats were on the higher ranges and out of sight. This is a locality which is famous for its hams, the aromatic herbs of the mountains being supposed to give an especially good flavour to the flesh of the pigs which are economically turned out to do a good share of their own providing, and the rashers are certainly very palatable, especially when accompanied by a bottle of the old *rauciot* which the hostess—for a consideration—will produce from her cellars. We did not stop, however, on this occasion, for we passed through Merens at half-past four, but waited to refresh ourselves till we reached Hospitalet, which we did two hours later. Haymaking and the rye harvest were going on simultaneously, and every here and there rivulets made streaks of vivid green as they coursed down the mountain side, adding greatly to the fertility of the meadows which are irrigated whenever possible as soon as the hay crop has been removed. Hospitalet is a mere hamlet of less than fifty houses, built and roofed with coarse slate in an arid part of the valley, but the views as one ascends from it are exceedingly fine, and when the plateau is reached which forms the summit of the Col, you find yourself encircled by mountains, some clothed with pine forests, but the greater number bare and rocky, and presenting a variety of hues from the intense blue of Titian's pictures to a light and very peculiar ash colour, while deep down below and so apparently near that it seems as if a flying leap would land you in its midst lies the rich plain of the Cerdagne.

At this point we committed an imprudence in suffering ourselves to be persuaded that we could not possibly miss a track leading to the iron mine which would, we were told, abridge the distance considerably, and lead us to the highest works, where we should find the engineer-in-chief. We had seen the sheds forming the entrance to these works at a long distance before we turned off to make the last ascent to the

Col, and had moreover been following for some time the American railway by which the ore is conveyed from the mine, watching the loaded waggons going down simply by their own weight, and the trains of empty ones towed upwards by a small steam engine, but all this was quite out of sight, and though upon the same level we were far from the mine. However, without misgivings we let the carriage descend to wait for us below, and betook ourselves across the moorland which is covered with one vast sheet of the dwarf rhododendron, which takes the place of our mountain heather and must have been a magnificent spectacle a month earlier. But instead of one track there must have been at least a dozen, and we found it impossible to make sure of the right one as there were no landmarks recognizable to our eyes, so we scrambled on for miles, descending a ravine to cross a small torrent, mounting again on the opposite side, halting to recover breath and rest awhile, but never losing courage, for the air was fresh and invigorating, the scenery splendid, and there is so much renovating force in a genuine adventure. At last we caught sight of a shed. Now we were to be rewarded for all our toil, and with our letter of introduction in hand we enter, only to be told that this is merely the terminus of one of the lines of the American railway, connecting that leading to the mines with the one descending to Hospitalet, and that we have still a considerable journey before us. "However," said the official, seeing our weary and disappointed looks, "we will send you on in an empty lorry," and in this vehicle, standing of course, we thankfully took our places and were propelled with a train of empty trucks by a small steam engine for about a quarter of an hour round the side of the hill at a considerable elevation above the valley, expecting of course to arrive at the entrance of the mine, when what was our dismay to find ourselves landed at the foot of one of those steep inclines that connect the different levels up which our empty trucks were gliding almost before we had realized that while wandering over the mountain we had lost our bearing, descended far too much, and that unless we wished to give up the undertaking altogether, we were now in for a most abrupt and toilsome climb.

Even had we desired it we could not be hoisted in the waggons, for this is expressly forbidden, but indeed the sight of them apparently hanging in mid-air and moving by themselves, the perpetual coil to which they are attached being of course

invisible, would have been quite enough to deter us. It was a case either of giving in or of setting to work Excelsior fashion, and as the former course is happily repellant to some natures, we left one of our party to recline and study the landscape, and began to mount steadily. Nevertheless, had we known the amount of the exertion and the time it would take to reach that shanty, which in the clear air of the mountain seemed within a stone's throw, we certainly would have considered "discretion the better part of valour." There was a zig-zag path close to the incline, but as great stones were continually rolling from the top it was too dangerous to use it while work was going on, and being warned off it by loud shouts, we kept away to the left, making our way among the loose *débris* as best we might until a compassionate miner bore down upon us, and by dint of encouragement and dragging at length succeeded in landing us in a haven of rest, that is to say in an outer shed forming a great kitchen, where a number of men and women were preparing their dinner, and several unkempt bright-eyed children gathered round to gaze upon the strangers.

It was not unlike a gipsy camp; and what a cooking-place! Not one *cremaillère*, but six and thirty can be hung in that cavernous chimney! It was rather pleasant to have to sit down for awhile and wait for the superintendent, but when he came he insisted on our making another though shorter ascent to the higher workings, as the deadly cold of that where we were would be dangerous in our heated state, and when we reached them he preceded us into the mine, carrying a brazen lamp of most classic shape. The mine is worked at three different levels by galleries cut horizontally into the rock and ramifying in all directions. Where the stratification renders it safe these galleries are simply excavated, but a great number of them are supported by *cadres*, or square frames made of huge beams, roughly morticed and placed scarcely a yard apart. Two miners can place four of these in a day, cutting out the rock that lies between them. The yield is about sixty per cent. of ore. In former times the mine had been badly worked by means of sloping passages with pointed roofs, but within the last few years it has been in the possession of the present Company, and no pains have been spared to apply to it the newest principles. We were told that it would take three days to explore all the workings, but that to see a part was to see the whole. A tramway runs through the mine, and we had to make sure that no waggons

were running out before adventuring ourselves into a gallery, as there was only just width for the car. Three hundred and fifty miners are employed.

The iron of the Ariège has long had the reputation of being the best in France, but up to a late period the mines of Mont Rancié were almost the only ones worked. Since the formation of the *Société Métallurgique* great improvements in the methods of working have been introduced and new veins discovered, and it is probable that the more precious metals will also be obtained, for we know that the Counts of Foix derived large revenues from their mines, and to this day gold dust is found in the Oriège, or river of Ascou, the very name of which is indicative of its auriferous sands. The mines of Mont Rancié are situated in the very picturesque valley of Vicdessos, near Tarascon, and like those of Puymorens are at a considerable elevation. The ore is found in caverns, hollows, and veins of what is called the lower jura limestone, and these are approached by seven apertures reached by a sort of stairway cut in the side of the mountain. These mines have been worked for at least six hundred years, and still furnish abundant supplies of ore of excellent quality which is extracted partly by vertical and partly by horizontal workings, the privilege being confined to the inhabitants of the three nearest villages, Sem, Goulier, and Olier, those of Vicdessos and the neighbourhood being only admitted as miners after having married a girl belonging to the three villages. Without doing so they may, however, be employed in transporting the ore to the different furnaces. These latter, which used to give employment to numbers of the mountain population, and were one of the most picturesque features of the country, as many as sixty were supplied from Mont Rancié alone, are now very much diminished in number, the smelting works at Tarascon and elsewhere having in great measure done away with the old-fashioned and less profitable Catalan furnaces. Making the best of our way downwards by a longer but easier path through the rhododendrons we at last rejoined our companions, and some time later reached the carriage and descended rapidly to Hospitalet. Soon, however, darkness came on, and as by starlight we had started, by starlight we returned, rather too tired to be amused with what our driver—who was rather a character—had to tell us about his countrymen and their original ways.

But though this was the longest, it was far from being the

only excursion which we made in the Ariège, several of them being donkey expeditions, for donkeys and donkey girls are quite *specialités* of Ax, and by means of them it is possible to reach places inaccessible to carriages and beyond the powers of any but a first-rate pedestrian. The striking characteristics of the country are the grey villages sometimes with vine-covered houses perched upon jutting rocks, the exquisite variety of foliage, the cultivation carried up the mountain slopes often on little terraces built with the stones that have been cleared away to make room for the plough, and the tiny meadows which alternate with the forest and in which the wild flowers are of surpassing beauty and are seen in masses that take the form of natural carpet bedding. When we met the peasants they were sure to address us in a *patois* in which Spanish, Latin, and Italian are strangely mingled with French, and ask us where we came from, whither we were going, inquiring as to our belongings generally. They are civil, kindly people, if a little curious, and were always well pleased if we admired their pretty fawn-coloured cows, or paid a visit to their dwellings in which the living rooms are always built over the stable, an arrangement very conducive to warmth in winter, albeit a flagrant offence against sanitary laws.

It was all very well to take walks after breakfast or in the cool of the evening, but there was one weekly promenade by no means to be relished, and that was the Sunday tramp to Perles, three quarters of a mile up hill, for a six o'clock Mass, involving as it did being up before five, and not getting breakfast much before nine, for as *l'esprit de contradiction* would have it, the goats were supposed always to come home later than usual on a Sunday morning, consequently that day was a day of penance. Cow's milk was not to be had in summer, the pretty creatures being at such time far away upon the mountain, so the goats furnish the dairy, except indeed in places like Ax, where as there are many visitors during the season it is worth while for some people to keep milch cattle. But as a general rule the life of a Pyrenean cow is as about as different from that of an English one as it is possible to imagine.

No milk-giving butter-providing animal is the lovely little mouse-coloured creature with small curved horns and large soft eyes! She is on the contrary nothing better than a four-footed general servant; she ploughs, she harrows, she does all the light carting, and she rears a calf every year. After that if she has a

little milk to spare in the winter or spring so much the better, her owner will probably make a cheese or two, but that scarcely enters into economic considerations. They seem, however, to be treated with great gentleness, they are always yoked together for work, and if the load is a little heavy you may see the owner walking before them with his hand on the head of one talking to them and encouraging them to come on.

From what we saw of the peasantry of the Ariège we could not but be favourably impressed with the system of small appropriations, and inclined to wish for a fair trial of it in our own country. When a poor man knows that he can buy a piece of land he naturally has a strong incentive to thrift and economy in order to obtain it, and having once become its possessor, whether by inheritance or by purchase, he will endeavour in every way to render it increasingly fruitful, feeling that he is working for himself and for his children. In summer time every one rises with the dawn, and the whole family are out in the fields until the last glimmer of sunlight has faded. You will meet them, men, women, and children, bringing down the hay from the slopes carrying it on their heads in bundles proportioned to their strength, the laughing face only peeping out from under the moving mass, or you will see them leading their goats or cattle to the common pasture, or bringing back loads of wood from the forest, each family having a right to a certain amount of fuel, and being allowed to turn out as many animals as it pleases on the mountain at a certain rate per head. In winter when they are snowed up, these people knit, and spin, and weave, and make and mend their homespun garments, and generally they are able to save a very fair sum for the rainy day. Of course their habits of living are frugal. In general they content themselves with rye bread, or as a luxury, bread made with a mixture of wheat and rye; they use also in large quantities meal made from buckwheat, or from millet, which they make into porridge, and either eat with milk or spread it out into flat cakes and fry it, these things with potatoes, dried haricots, sour wine, and sheep's-milk cheeses constituting a diet upon which these mountaineers become strong and hearty. If we have no forests to supply fuel to our people, it surely would not be impossible to allot to each parish a certain amount of common—not waste—land that would enable its poorer inhabitants to make money by keeping different kinds of animals. In the Ariège cattle rearing is extensively

carried on. The horses of Tarascon have long been famous, in some parts mule breeding is a lucrative industry, and donkeys fetch everywhere a very good price, a quite ordinary animal being worth eight pounds. We visited the fair of Tarascon which goes on for three days, and is really a remarkable sight. The one we saw was not considered large, but there were about four thousand head of horned cattle, five thousand sheep, and half that number of horses, asses, and mules. It was no joke to walk between lanes of these latter, especially as their heels were turned towards us and not their heads, but in general they were very well behaved. Neither horses nor mules are large, but they are spirited and well shaped. The horses fetched prices varying from £20 to £40, and the mules more. Some of the donkeys are immense; we thought they must be Spanish, but were told that they were reared in the country. Of cattle there were three kinds, the large white breed of the valley of Carol, the beautiful mouse and dun-coloured kind which is seen everywhere in the district, and some still smaller cows of a yellow colour which sell at a lower price, and are kept for milking purposes. They were all extremely gentle, even the bulls did not seem dangerous, although accidents often happen at these fairs when the poor beasts have been overdriven, and have lost their tempers. A good yoke of oxen could be bought for £50, and a pair of working cows, if handsome and well bred, would fetch as much as £40, the calves, or one, at any rate, being thrown in with them. The cows and oxen were yoked in couples, the yoke resting upon a thick fleece, generally white, but often dyed blue or scarlet, which sets off their handsome heads. There was nothing very remarkable in the costume of the people but the gay kerchiefs of the women, and the Spanish scarves of the men, lent a bright appearance to the scene which gained an added charm from the picturesqueness of its surroundings.

A considerable part of our time was spent in Ax itself for the benefit of the baths which in fine seasons can be taken from June till October, although the great influx of visitors occurs in the month of August. These latter are of all classes, for the poor are well cared for, and chiefly southerners, the number of priests being quite remarkable. The town is situated on a little hill in the centre of a basin formed by the junction of the three valleys of Mérens, Orgeix, and Ascou, and is surrounded by quite a girdle of mountains which protect it in great measure

from the prevailing winds, and this circumstance together with the fact that it appears to be built over a cauldron of boiling water, renders its climate less severe, even in winter, than might be expected at so great an altitude. Below the town two little rivers unite themselves with the Ariège, and thus Ax is traversed and surrounded by three rushing streams. Its streets are narrow and tortuous, the houses high, and for the most part ugly, although some are built in the style of Swiss *châlets*, and others have wooden balconies, and overhanging eaves supported in some cases by carved beams, while here and there a square tower with pointed roof comes in picturesquely enough. The church with its three-arched porch and heavy clock tower is always a prominent object as it stands facing the large square, adjoining which is the fine avenue of the Couloubret, formed of several rows of magnificent lime, plane, and sycamore trees. But the thing of all others which first attracts notice is the colossal statue of the Blessed Virgin standing above a little square chapel forming its pedestal, and built upon one of those isolated rocks which are a special feature of these mountain landscapes, overlooking the whole town which our Lady with her outstretched hands seems to be in the act of blessing. This statue approached by a long and steep path cut in zigzags up the face of the rock, was erected by the late Curé of Ax, who dying before his pious design was completed, has left it to his successors to place along the pathway the Stations of the Cross. In summer time processions are frequently made to *Notre Dame d'Ax*, and on the last occasion on which we joined one of them, a droll scene occurred. We had, of course, to the number of some hundreds, ascended very piously, saying the rosary, and chanting hymns and litanies with as much breath as could be found during the exertion of climbing, had received Benediction outside the little chapel, and were listening with devout attention to a sermon on the virtues of our Lady from M. le Vicaire, when suddenly the rain began to fall, one umbrella after another was opened, and the crowd began to diminish perceptibly. Presently the voice ceased, priests, acolytes, and congregation beat an ignominious retreat, set off down the hill in a most undignified manner, and hardly reached shelter when the storm began. The site of this little chapel affords a very good central view of Ax and its surroundings, but there are many others still more lovely from elevated points of the hills at either side where you see the vivid green of the meadows sloping away at

the back dotted with beautiful groups of trees, in which the Lombardy poplar shows to great advantage, until the eye passing over ranges of broken, rocky, and forest-covered mountains rests upon a resplendent barrier of snowy peaks.

So great is the wealth of the mineral waters of various kinds that issue from the ground at different temperatures, but mostly at boiling-point in Ax and its vicinity, that instead of their flow being arrested when not required as is done in many watering places, to increase bathing facilities, they are allowed to run through the streets, and as you will seldom pass the "leper's basin," opposite the hospice, without seeing it surrounded by washerwomen, so at other open tanks culinary operations, and even the scalding of pigs may be going on, for the hot sulphureous water is used not only by the wool dressers, the bakers, and the barbers, but is found an immense resource by poor housekeepers who can make a garlic soup with it at any time in a few minutes. There are more than eighty sulphur springs, besides others which are ferruginous and alkaline; the former are specially efficacious in rheumatic cases, the water being cooled down by passing through serpentine pipes which are laid in the bed of the Ariège. There are many bathing establishments supplied with all kinds of appliances, and as a matter of course doctors are by no means wanting. The ordinary treatment consists in taking a bath and a douche every day for three weeks, and after this you ought to be cured, but many people return every year to re-invigorate themselves for another twelve months.

We saw the quaint little town of Ax in many of its phases. In the height of its season, when it puts forth violent efforts to be fashionable, has a band playing twice a week on the Couloubret, and a bazaar open for a month beneath the shady trees; during the Fête Nationale when (*par force*) it decks itself with Chinese lanterns and makes believe to be very Republican; and in fair time when its population—like its waters—is at boiling-point, every street, square, and unoccupied corner filled in the morning with cattle, sheep, and pigs, and in the afternoon with booths for the sale of every imaginable article; but never does it present so picturesque an appearance as on St. John's eve, when the priest comes forth from the church to bless and light the noble bonfire which, culminating in a good sized fir tree, the branches of which are laden with fireworks, has been built in the centre of the *Place*. It is evening, and darkness is beginning to settle down when the

white-robed procession bearing candles and singing the hymn to St. John Baptist, walks slowly three times round the bonfire followed by M. le Vicaire, who first asperses and then sets light to it. At this moment shouts rend the air, and from every window in the square people are seen leaning forward, while the crowd below forms a densely packed circle. Soon the flames begin to ascend and to shed their lurid light upon the eager faces, on the church, on the Hospice whence nuns and patients alike are gazing, and on the dark trees of the Couloubret, while beyond we see the hills in dim outline, and above us are the stars. Presently, rocket after rocket darts upwards and fire-balls of every colour shoot about and fall in every direction, while the tree of liberty, a gaunt, miserable skeleton with no one to do it honour, rears its grim head close by in shamefaced fashion. Then the urchins, who are at least as multitudinous in Ax as elsewhere, seizing blazing roots by the long handles which have been purposely left to them, run wildly about finding great amusement in driving back the spectators, and numbers of people try to snatch from the bonfire sticks which will they believe save their houses from conflagration. It is long before the uproar is over and quietness falls again upon the place, but for picturesque effects of light and shadow the sight is one to be remembered.

Notwithstanding the increase of revolutionary ideas, the people of these mountains are in the main, quiet, and God-fearing, and cling to their old customs and traditions. The Church festivals are religiously observed, and whatever may be their private sentiments, the mayors have not as yet dared to suppress external demonstrations. The feast of Corpus Christi is held at Ax with particular honour, for by a special privilege granted three hundred years ago to the town, two octaves are kept, and the Blessed Sacrament carried three times in procession, twice from the Parish Church, and the last time from the Church of St. Jerome, which is the Church of the "*Pénitents bleus*," and in this way every part of the town is honoured by the visit of our Lord. The Confraternity of Penitents, which is an ancient one, and has numbered amongst its ranks more than one of the kings of France, is still well kept up in Ax, where we have often heard "*il est Pénitent*" adduced as a first-rate certificate of character. The men wear a deep blue linen blouse, the hood of which is drawn over the head, the women only tie a blue girdle over their ordinary habiliments, but of the female sex we

saw few, as they generally prefer being Children of Mary. These latter are rather conspicuous in Ax, as they are to be seen, even those who are aged, in white veils on almost any church festival. When the Penitents carry the Blessed Sacrament the canopy is of blue velvet.

The Parish Church is a decidedly fine building, the absence of aisles with the great expanse of roof, and the broad nave ending in an apse decorated with handsome pictures having a grand effect. This is the style of all the churches of the Ariège and of those of a great part of the South of France, and like them has the peculiarity of the chapels being built out between the buttresses. At Ax the ceremonial is very well carried out, and the church furniture rich, but as there was no parish priest when we were there, the poor curate was rather overworked notwithstanding the crowd of Abbés attending the baths who said Low Masses from five o'clock in the morning. Just at this time the devotions for the Jubilee were going on in many of the neighbouring villages. Special preachers having been appointed for the occasion, the missions were usually very successful, a large number of hoary sinners having been brought back to the fold.

At last the days began to draw in, snow fell upon the nearer mountains, cold began to make itself felt, and we could no longer close our eyes to the fact that winter was approaching, and that it was time to seek other quarters, so we turned homewards. But shall we ever forget the gorgeous colouring in which the valley decked itself on the day of our departure! The sky was bright and clear, of a blue undreamed of in England; the sun shone as on a June morning, seeming to strike fire out of the scarlet leaves of the cherry trees which dotted the forest, while the Lombardy poplars stood out amongst their brethren of darker hue, and the oaks, and hollies, like pillars of burnished gold, and the paler yellow of the ash trees, the withering vineyards, the rich brown of the newly tilled fields contrasted charmingly with vividly green meadows, over which every here and there seemed to sweep a wave of violet, so abundant were the flowers of the autumnal crocus. All this with the mountains in the back ground, the grand old ruins of Lordat frowning down upon us from its rocky eminence, with the river tumbling and leaping beside us, now a chateau, and now a village coming in sight as the road winds downwards, mingle in the memory with the cheery jingle of the mule bells, and all the peculiar

rural sights and sounds of that romantic district which we left behind us all too soon. At Toulouse we found rain and dulness, and as we approached northern regions the country became flat and ugly, the weather colder and more inclement until it reached its climax in the murkiness of London in November. The pleasant holiday was over, work-a-day existence had begun again, but nothing can take from us the memory of these four months passed amid the flowers and the sunshine of the beautiful Ariège.

J. CHESNEY.

A School for the Art of "Speaking."

IN a paper which appeared in a recent number of the *Nineteenth Century*, under the title "A School for Dramatic Art," Mr. F. C. Burnand, than whom no one is more competent to speak on the subject, makes the suggestion that each theatre should form itself into such a school, and this he proposes "as being the readiest, best, and most practical form of dramatic art schooling."

The idea strikes us as being a most "happy thought," and has led us to put ourselves this question; why, if such is the shortest and simplest method of teaching players to become actors, it should not be adopted by our schools and colleges for training boys to become speakers? In a word, why should not each school and college be a training ground for the art of elocution? It cannot be objected against the scheme, as it has been against a dramatic art school, that the need of it is not pressing, else how account for the multitudinous complaints so often heard on passing out from public meetings of the indistinct and mumbling articulation of this speaker, of the awkward pose and angular gesture of another, or of the ridiculous spouting and stagey declamation of a third? Of course there are not wanting those persons by whom it is argued that the management of the voice, the posture of the body, as well as the adjustment of the hands, are mere ornament and clap-trap; in fact, nothing better than stage-tricks which may be all very well in an excitable foreigner, but are adjuncts wholly unnecessary, if not altogether out of place, in a sober-minded Englishman whose business it is to "speak right on" and to the point, not to make pretty sentences and strike æsthetic attitudes. Curiously enough, however, it is remarkable that strictures of this kind come generally from those very persons whose speeches are not quite the best samples either of close reasoning or persuasiveness. Indeed it stands to reason that a man, who neglects the aids lent to speech by the study of elocution, can be neither an effective nor an eloquent

speaker, since he at best appeals only to the intellect, while the speaker who applies the rules laid down in oratory will arrest the whole man at once, his intellect, his will, his imagination, and his very senses. "Neglect the study of elocution," remarks Cicero, "and the highest gifts become paralyzed, while a good delivery puts an inferior man above the most talented." So true is this observation made by the great Roman orator that when, as we are told, Marcus Callidius failed to urge the accusation he had brought against a man of attempting to poison him, with any warmth of feeling or earnestness of manner, Cicero, who pleaded for the culprit, improved the occasion into an argument for the innocence of his client. If Callidius had a good case, Cicero argued, he never could have been so feeble and languid in his manner of enforcing it. In the same way Plutarch relates that a citizen of Athens once came to Demosthenes, and besought him to take up his cause against a person by whom he had been cruelly treated. The orator, however, after listening to the case, would have nothing to do with it, being persuaded, from the man's manner of putting it, that there was little or no truth in the accusation.

It is the manner, then, quite as much, perhaps, as the matter of a speech which tells with the general run of men. And this is the explanation of the actor Betterton's reply to a Protestant Bishop who complained that men were less affected by divines in the pulpit than by players on the stage. "You, my lord," he is reported to have answered, "make truth appear like fiction; we make fiction appear like truth." It is therefore plainly not enough for the speaker to be in earnest if he does not at the same time manifest this earnestness to the eyes of his hearers; in other words, his earnestness must be objective, not subjective merely. Hence the young clergyman is recommended by Dean Swift to ascertain the impression he makes on others by inviting the criticism of a prudent friend. "You will do well," he says, "if you can prevail with some intimate and judicious friend to be your constant hearer, and to beg of him to give you notice, with the utmost freedom, of whatever he finds amiss either in your voice or gesture. For want of such early warning many clergymen (and laymen too) continue defective, and sometimes ridiculous, to the end of their lives."

Why do we not learn from the experience of others? We all know how painstaking in delivery the ancient Greeks and Romans were, and they remain our acknowledged masters

in oratory down to the present day. Not content with employing *Phonasci* to attend to the tones and the modulation of the voice, they took lessons in gesticulation from the best actors of the time. Nor were these lessons barren of results. Is not the oratorical success of Demosthenes or Cicero founded in great part on their attention to these so-called "ornaments and accessories" of the orator? It is our boast in England that the highest careers are open to the humblest, that the right of speech on matters affecting the common weal is practically unlimited, and Macaulay adds the corollary that public men are in great measure judged by their power of public speaking. Yet surprisingly little is done in most of our schools and colleges to promote good speaking, and to fit the future man to do himself credit on the public platform, or for the matter of that in an after-dinner speech at his own table.

Supply commonly is regulated by demand, and where the art of oratory is in much request and highly profitable to its possessors, we should expect to find it abundantly professed and methodically cultivated, whereas the tendency in our own country seems rather to be to decry elocution in theory, while admitting its value, or the value of its results in fact.

We may set down some of the causes which go to explain this paradox. First of all, public speaking, if as great a source of power over men as ever, has no longer a monopoly of influence. The printing press has established a new means of communication between man and man more far-reaching than any voice. So men write instead of speaking, or if they must speak, speak less to be heard by their present audience than to be reported to the country outside by one or more of its hundred and sixty-nine daily papers. Although, therefore, a member of Parliament may address empty benches in Westminster, and seem to the uninitiated to be only losing his time, his constituents will nevertheless read his speech next morning in their paper, and feel that their representative, and they themselves through him, are guiding the policy of the nation. We even hear of cases in which a speech has never been delivered in Parliament at all, but appears nevertheless under the heading "Imperial Parliament" in the local papers, with the skilful addition from the editorial pen of "hear, hear!" "oh! oh!" in the course of the speech, and "prolonged cheering" at its close. Perhaps the composer of such silent speeches might point in self-defence to the practice of the orators of antiquity, and ask

when, if ever, Cicero delivered his *Pro Milone*, or the speeches against Verres. However, not being now concerned with the morality of such acts, we are remarking simply on the effect of the Press in superseding *bona fide* speaking. Moreover it injuriously affects the *quality* of public speech as well as its quantity, and perhaps (considering the Clôture resolutions now before the House of Commons) this is much the more mischievous result of the two. After all, the world could get on fairly well, perhaps a trifle better, if many people kept silent who now lose no opportunity of addressing us in Parliament, at public meetings, after dinner, anywhere. If, as usual with him, Carlyle passed all bounds in his condemnation of public speech, he had a real and worthy butt for his sarcasm, even though he often shot wide of it. We wonder what he would have said of the member, who last Session treated the House to no fewer than eighteen speeches at one sitting, or of those speakers a few weeks ago who, occupied its attention for more than thirty consecutive hours? People very often talk when they ought to act, and a good deal of talk is made the substitute for measures instead of the preliminary to them. However, some speech-making there must always be and ought to be, and it is to the *quality* of this necessary and fitting speech that the printing press has done, we conceive, some harm along with many benefits. If speakers are taught to be more careful and consecutive by fear of the reporters, they easily become also too bookish and literary, by having an eye always to the figure their utterances will cut in print. They are for ever dressing themselves in the glass of the morning paper, and posing to please the taste of its readers. Who does not know that genus of orator who never fails in his opening sentence to survey mankind from China to Peru, supports himself throughout on the bladders of newspaper slang, and ends majestically with a tag from his paper's leader of that morning? He may have spoken for an hour, but he has not uttered one poor five minutes of himself; he has discharged somewhat of a newspaper fulness with which he had primed himself, and given articulate voice to a medley of editors, correspondents, and reviewers, his purveyors in the matter of both thought and diction.

Now since language is the vehicle of thought, and a speaker has no business to speak at all, if what he says fails to convey his own thought, or what at least he intelligently adopts from another as his own, it is plain how much the art of speaking must suffer

from the spread of a literary jargon and vague generalities, which express the thought of no one man in particular, and which can, therefore, rarely find anything better than a half-hearted utterance. It is earnestness, after all, which is the soul of all effective appeals to our fellow men. But who can be earnest while repeating mere formularies, or echoing opinions he does not understand? And we may add, in passing, that it is not enough for the speaker to understand what he is talking about, in order to convince or persuade his audience that he is in real earnest; he must, moreover, thoroughly believe in the cause for which he pleads, else it will be said of him, no matter what his gifts of "eloquence, poetry, and *finesse*," what was lately said of an Irish orator after his speech on the *clôture* :

We do not say Mr. Sexton was acting, we know nothing of him save as orator [remarked the *Spectator*], but the effect of his speech, instead of persuasion, was only one of regret that such splendid powers of expression should be used, or seem to be used, for histrionic display only.

And yet the influence of printing is less harmful to the *diction*, than to the substance and form of modern speeches. A literary, essay-writing age, with its 1817 newspapers and its 1180 magazines, published in this country alone, carries its characteristic habits of mind into departments where they are out of place, and it casts its speeches on the models of its articles. It eschews feeling, or what it brands as sentiment; it professes to deal with pure intellect alone; figures and facts are its sheet-anchor; it builds up a speech of statistics, and makes a frugal use of oratorical ornament, which it affects to despise as clap-trap. The outcry, so common at present, against artifice in speaking, the superstitious horror of any appeal to the feelings, owes its vogue partly to the sceptical tendencies of our times, partly to an English bias in favour of intellect against feeling, by which the nation has lost quite as much as it has gained.

The difficulty with the average Englishman is surely less to suppress feeling in his exhibition of any subject than to command, or, at all events, to regulate and graduate it. Set a Briton and a Frenchman to put down for you their thoughts on any conceivable topic, and note the form those thoughts receive in the several instances. The difference is perceptible, if the compositions are viewed at arm's length. The rhetorical notes of admiration and interrogation, the dashes, the asterisks, and the parentheses tell an unmistakeable tale. The Frenchman is

oratorical by instinct, even on paper ; the Englishman needs the stimulus of an eager audience and a great subject to stir his blood and kindle his imagination.

But to come to those who inveigh against elocution on principle. Perhaps the case against this systematic training in elocution is nowhere better put than in Dr. Whately's well known work on Rhetoric, and we shall be guilty of no unfairness in viewing the Archbishop as a representative and spokesman of his side. Before, however, considering his objections with all possible fairness, we freely admit at the outset, that the cause of elocution has sometimes suffered, as all good causes do suffer, from the advocacy of injudicious friends. No doubt some books on the subject exaggerate the possibilities of the art, and hold out promises that cannot be fulfilled. Treatises there are, yclept "Speakers," and elocutionists not a few, who express themselves as if a good delivery were synonymous with eloquence, and as if all men could be Keans or Talmas if they would.

For an *excellent* delivery, great natural aptitudes and gifts are presupposed ; these no speaking master can provide, though he may discipline, perhaps discover them, as Auber is said to have discovered them in the case of Sarah Bernhardt. Again, nature may sometimes dispense with the assistance of art ; there are born orators who owe to a kind of instinct not only the substance of their power, but even its finish and form. Nature has turned them out whole and perfect orators from the first. She has cut the diamond as well as produced it. Instances such as these are rare, and it seldom happens that, even in the case of these prodigies of nature, there are not found blemishes which a careful training might have removed. Having granted so much to the Archbishop by anticipation, let us come to his specific charges. They may all be summoned up in this ; training in elocution is needless and therefore hurtful. It is needless, because nature teaches us all that elocution professes to teach, and much better ; it is hurtful, because it goes beyond nature, and in this matter nature is confessed to be the ultimate standard. Dr. Whately clinches his argument by stating his own experience of many who have been ruined by attention to elocution, whilst he is unable to produce a single example of a man who has been substantially helped by it. There can be no difficulty in accepting the conclusion, if the premisses are correct. But the premisses, we submit, are incorrect. If elocution were needless it would never have existed, or would have

died a natural death long ago. No doubt artificial wants may be, and in an age like the present, which is characterized by its passion for novelty and change, are created, and ministered to for a season by an artificial supply, but the need of elocution has been felt from the beginning, and is urgent now as ever. The presumption therefore is, to say the least, that elocution must have its uses. Training in elocution, properly conducted, aims at two objects—to give nature fair play, and to discipline it. In most cases, *pace* Dr. Whately, nature does *not* get fair play, if special discipline be eschewed. Acquired faults in addition to, or very often the effects of nervousness, mismanagement of the voice, awkward gesticulation, and ungainly tricks of every kind have overlaid and crippled nature. Elocution comes in to set nature free. A natural delivery is of course the best delivery, but the delivery of the most gifted speaker will rarely be natural, if he has not tutored himself by previous practice. This paradox is easily explained. A man speaks naturally when he utters his words with the emphasis and gesture which his own feelings, the occasion, and the circumstances seem to require. Nature is not mere unpreparedness and boorishness, or the country lout should be our model. Nature does not consist in the clamour and vehemence in which many strive to lose their painful sense of self-consciousness, nor in tearing a passion to tatters, to very rags, nor, again, in tameness, in mere coldness and insensibility. The unusual conditions under which a speech is delivered, the large audience, the gravity or difficulty of the subject, and other circumstances, make it natural to be unnatural in presence of them. They disturb, they disconcert, us, they render us unlike our ordinary selves, so far as sometimes even to make us "o'erstep the modesty of nature." What wonder, then, that when we feel awkward, we should betray the feeling by constrained tones of voice and awkwardness of gesture, and that, when once thoroughly out of our element, we should be anything but our own natural selves!

The perfection of his art requires the orator to forget himself in order to remember and enter into the spirit of his subject, and to take no more note of his audience and his surroundings than propriety dictates. Anything that fixes the orator's thought on himself is a hindrance, and yet this is the direct tendency of nervousness—that compound of indescribable sensations, which rush in upon and bewilder the speaker the moment he faces his audience to enter upon his work. Of course some men recover

themselves in a little time ; their subject and their absorbing interest in it steadies them, it lifts them above the distractions of time and place, and so restores them to nature, and in her strength they go forth conquering and to conquer. Such men, nowever, are very rare ; the average speaker scarcely ever vanquishes this nervousness completely ; that is, he is rarely perfectly at his ease, and therefore is not wholly natural ; he either goes beyond nature by nervous exaggeration, or else falls short of her by the dulness of despair. It is consequently plain that, as daily experience tells us, every day nature is unequal to the strain of extraordinary events ; an athlete trains specially for extraordinary feats ; a public speaker too must train before delivering a speech to which hundreds will listen. Dr. Whately's argument would be unanswerable if men always spoke speeches, as a part of the ordinary business of life, or if they had to address large audiences several times a day, because in that case public speaking would be a habit and could be surely and safely exercised whenever occasion arose, but this is a consummation from which we are still very far removed.

Previous practice in elocution then guards us against the effects of shyness and timidity, not by banishing nervousness altogether, but by so confirming us in good, so familiarizing us with what is appropriate in voice and gesture that we practise it almost instinctively, when once the first tremors of bashfulness have died away. But elocution does more than secure for nature fair play in trying circumstances ; for besides this negative advantage it secures for our natural gifts the positive advantage of regular training and cultivation. Here indeed we seem to enunciate a contradiction. For if nature is the highest standard, the ultimate court of appeal for the speaker, how can art hope to improve on her ? This question may perhaps be answered by another. If grace of carriage consists in conformity with nature, in perfect freedom of limb and happy adjustment of the various bodily movements, why not take nature for our sole mistress, and throw all drilling, dancing, fencing and calisthenics aside ? But these bodily exercises are a valuable help to nature, and if those who use them commonly bear themselves well, whilst those who neglect them are often ungainly, why should not natural delivery be benefited by the exercises of elocution ? Further, if it is true that the constant use of any one set of muscles develops them as highly, as disuse weakens and even paralyses them altogether, it is quite as true that the tones of

the voice may be much strengthened, the power of expressing particular feelings increased, and in a word grace of attitude and appropriateness of action be secured by systematic and sustained exercise.

Briefly, Dr. Whately's reasoning is founded on premisses which experience disproves. Nothing great is ever achieved but by those who are tutored and trained to the work. Except in the case of the favoured few, nature cannot dispense with a certain amount of discipline, by which she is not only enabled to do herself justice, but is even improved in the sense in which we have been speaking. Another Bishop of the Established Church, in Ireland, Bishop Berkeley, saw reason to doubt, more than a hundred years ago, "whether half the learning and talent of England were lost because elocution was not taught in our schools and colleges." In other words the training should be begun at school and college, and not be deferred to an age when incurable faults have been contracted, the blame of which is afterwards imputed to the elocution master, who has been called in too late to a desperate case. It is amongst our boys and youths that the chief work of the elocutionist should lie, and it concerns us much to know why, nevertheless, they are practically excluded from his care. Perhaps one explanation is the "high pressure" of school life due to competitive examinations. Now-a-days, to make himself ready to pass the examinations which qualify for most of the professions, a boy has to crowd his head with such a multitude of varied and utterly diverse subjects, that neither time nor place is left for subjects which do not strictly enter into the subject matter of them. But no matter how valid the excuse, the fact remains, that elocution in most of our schools and colleges is utterly neglected, and what was true for the *Times* to say in 1859 is as true in 1882:

It is a plain fact that cannot be denied that neither at our universities, nor at our public schools, nor in any other places or systems of education in vogue among us, is any attempt made to teach the art of speaking. . . . What may be adduced in the way of exception is utterly inconsiderable—what is the common gift of all classes, all professions, all ages from infancy—what is the chief outward difference between man and brute, and between one man and another, is left to chance, without any assistance whatever from our schools and universities. Hundreds of excellent gentlemen aspire to Parliament, and get in or not with the same ultimate ill success. The moment they try to speak all their feelings, thoughts, facts, and purposes crowd to the tongue, and fly together and leave it utterly bankrupt of words.

Since these words were written, some little spurt to elocution has been given in certain quarters, but at our public schools, so far as we can learn, no steps have been taken to remedy the evil. The "Speech Day" comes round and with it the same melancholy exhibition of declamation by the sixth form boys, of whose coaching in the business the less said the fewer offended. We said that little has been done to teach our boys how to "speak"—it would perhaps have been more correct to say that a great deal is done to utterly destroy all hope of their ever becoming speakers—for it not unfrequently happens that a master has to hear some forty or more boys recite their lesson by heart within one hour, and we all know how ruinous this is if the master is not very persistent in exacting perfect distinctness of articulation and great purity of intonation.

If Archbishop's Whately's sweeping condemnation of elocution had been confined to the system adopted by some persons in teaching elocution, we should endorse every word of it. We believe nothing in the long run is to be gained by cramming a boy's head with pages of analytical rules for the inflection and modulation of "loose sentences," and "compact sentences;" for the "simple and compound commencing series," and "concluding series," and for a thousand and more equally curious and uninteresting emergencies. That is true of elocution in particular which the *Times* has said of education in general, that "it is essential for children to learn to like their lessons. For this it is desirable that they should be troubled with as few technicalities as possible, and that their minds should be brought as much as possible in contact with realities." To teach a boy elocution, then, with some hope of ultimate success, it is not enough to assign him a speaking piece, say "Eugene Aram," or "The Diver," and hand him over to "some pompous theatrical elocutionist;"—his powers, his temperament, his special gifts of voice and of person must first of all be taken into consideration; these must be ascertained and studied before he is told off to speak any definite piece either in prose or verse, and when this has been done, and a suitable extract has been selected, he should be made to study it, commit it to memory, and, seizing its spirit, to endeavour to give it expression by recitation.

And now will begin the teacher's task—first of all directing his attention to the boy's management of voice. He will have to check him for not keeping "time" in delivery, for drawling, for indulging in sing-song, and neglecting the "rhythm" of

speech ; or, perhaps, his utterance will be loose and fluffy, he will slur over his final consonants, or run his words into each other, or drop out vowels and consonants—and it will be a supreme difficulty to get him to be slow without seeming to be so. Then he will speak right to the end of his breath, and will be sure to raise his voice unnaturally as soon as he comes to an interrogation, and will as surely drop it to a whisper when the passage is completed. And it will be a greater difficulty still to insist upon an intelligent graduation of emphasis, for the boy in his effort to be distinct will quite forget that conjunctions, prepositions, adverbs, and what not, should be pronounced with less force than substantives and verbs, or that these again should be less emphasized than words in antithesis.

But once he has succeeded in teaching the boy how to articulate and to pronounce, to emphasize, to modulate and inflect his sentences in accordance with the character of the piece studied, the master will have less trouble in getting his pupil to stand at once straight and naturally, so as to facilitate speaking from the chest instead of from the throat ; and then the gesture of the hands and the play of the features, and the movement of the limbs will, with practice and care, be developed in the pupil till the exercise shall have become a habit, a second nature with him to stand with classic grace, and speak with intelligence, with clearness of articulation, and warmth of feeling. All this will, of course, take time, and exact great patience in the case of the average boy, but yet we are convinced it can be brought about, indeed we have seen it done in many instances where the difficulty looked insurmountable. All that is required to insure success is the selection of a speech or poem suited to the tastes and temperament and power of the lad, to enlist his interest in it, and to persuade him that with help he can achieve it. There will be many defects to correct ; of these let the most glaring receive the teacher's first attention, and let the reasons for his corrections be stated in order that the boy may come to recognise his deficiencies. Indeed the master may sometimes give point to his animadversions by himself repeating the obnoxious passage with just a suspicion of good natured mimicry, so as to fix it more forcibly on the pupil's mind as a real fault to be amended. Nor will he rest satisfied with checking and pruning faults, but he will lead the pupil on in due season "to make points," not by saying "here you should be vehement and rapid," but by insisting on the special import-

ance and significance of the passages in question, by showing the pupil why and how this is to be done, or that to be left undone, by checking all tendencies to mere spouting, noisy declamation, and ranting, and thus by assiduous cultivation rectifying the judgment and developing the taste of his pupil.

It is only by this sort of painstaking teaching that the average boy in our schools and colleges is to be taught how to become a speaker. It implies effort and perseverance, we readily allow, but what great result was ever attained without these conditions? "Rachel," we are told, great elocutionist though she was, "laboured over every new part, returning again and again to every gesture and inflection of the voice, which did not satisfy her conception of the varying emotions that were demanded." If our schools and colleges could be persuaded to take up this work, and if no more were done than what we have here suggested, it would be a work of incalculable good, for how true is the complaint of Sir Arthur Helps, that "with many persons, especially the young of this generation, their talk is a something which combines a lisp, a mutter, a mumble and a moan." And Trench says "I must confess that I can recall nothing worse than school reading and recitation, whether in institutions for the rich or the poor in our land." While another writer, after lamenting the mumble to be heard in our schools and colleges, contrasts it with the purity of intonation heard in a conservatorio of music. "See," he says, "the orderly tasks, the masterly discipline, the unwearied superintendence, and the incessant toil to produce the full beauty of the voice; and afterwards do not be surprised that the pulpit, the bar, the senate, and the chairs of professorships are filled with such abominable drawlers, mouthers, mumblers, clatterers, squeakers, chanters, and mongers in monotony."

We too at last are to have our national conservatorio of music, and we may hope the reproach will no longer be heard that "English singers, like English conductors, are compelled to go through their training in public instead of at school; that they have to take their audiences into their secrets, for nothing is more difficult to efface than the impression of inexperience, and comparative incompetence thus created. Would that we could add, 'and soon these remarks will be inapplicable no less to the music of speech than to the music of song.'"

Provided only educating bodies could be persuaded that "if some small part of the time given to crowding facts into

the mind not yet prepared to receive or retain them, were employed in fashioning or improving the organs of speech under good tuition and with suitable subjects of recitation, both mind and body would often gain materially by the substitution," perhaps the claims of Elocution might come to be recognized. But the appeal of Sir Henry Holland has hitherto fallen upon ears that are dull, or will not hear, and so no more is done for the cultivation of the voice, than for the gesture of the hands, and consequently the speaker is denied his principal means of effect. That a good delivery means all this is shown by the example of Lord Chesterfield, who when he introduced into the House of Lords his Bill for the Reformation of the Calendar, knew little or nothing of the matter, but resolved to supply the deficiency by a careful delivery. "This," he said, "succeeded and always will succeed. They thought I informed because I pleased them and many of them affirmed that I made the whole very clear to them, when, God knows, I had not even attempted it." Lord Macclesfield, who was possessed of much greater erudition, and who was a profound astronomer, followed, but his scientific speech fell flat on a House which had listened with avidity and conviction to the gracefully delivered sentiments of Chesterfield.

Lord Chesterfield felt, as the ancients had felt before him, that even the smallest things cannot be despised. A good speaker will not disdain attention even to his posture on his first confronting his audience. He will endeavour to stand well *with* them, to be sure, for this is what rhetoricians call conciliation, but he will also take pains to stand well *before* them. First impressions go for a great deal; an upright, manly, yet deferential bearing wins over and half masters an audience. They respect a man who seems to possess his subject with humble dignity, and unassuming confidence. They are caught by his earnestness, and pleased by his evident anxiety to communicate to them thoughts which he at any rate believes to be of great importance. An uneasy shifting from foot to foot, a swaying of the body "out of the boat," as oarsmen would phrase it, sudden advances towards the audience and precipitate retreats, distract or amuse or disgust the spectator. Why do we not guard our boys by careful training at school against the danger of contracting these glaring faults? The avoidance of such burlesque may be called the a, b, c, of elocutionary manners, and ignorance of them should be thought less

pardonable, because so much more important, than mere breaches of social etiquette. A boy who has been taught always to stand upright and balance his body's weight properly when reciting at school, will do the same instinctively when as a man he stands upon a larger platform. He, who has learnt at school to survey and control a youthful audience, will hereafter in addressing those of maturer years, show in his face, as in a mirror, the emotions of his soul. And yet the metaphor of a mirror does no justice to the infinite play of features, to the colour, the life, and the myriad shades of feeling which succeed each other with endless variety in the human face. How vividly the light flashes from the eyes, which hold or awe or melt us! The knitted or open brow, the lines of the mouth, the language of the hands, how mutely eloquent they can be! How true a touch is that in Milton's description of Melancholy :

Her rapt soul sitting in her eyes !

A story is told of Lawrence's portrait of Curran which well exemplifies how the soul can illuminate the face and make it live. The Irish orator, under whose rough and harsh features a genius of a very high order lay concealed, sat to Sir Thomas Lawrence for his portrait, but so little of the true man did the famous artist see in the first sitting, that he felt tempted, we are told, to lay down his brush and palette in despair. He looked upon Curran's face, but he did not see the veritable Curran. The hour for parting having come, the great Irishman was led to speak on some of his favourite themes, on poetry, on art, and on what lay nearest his heart, the wrongs of his native land. Straightway his eye flashed, his colour heightened, his rough and swarthy features were transfigured by the glow of the passion that burned within. When he had ceased speaking, Lawrence remarked in admiration, "I never saw you till now; you have sat to me in a mask; do give me a sitting of Curran the orator."

We are sorry our limited space does not permit us to speak at greater length upon the importance of facial expression to the speaker, but we must pass on to offer a few remarks about the uses of the gesture of the hands. Of the number and variety of movements produced by the hands it is not possible here to speak. They are as varied and subtle as the tones of the voice itself. Other parts of the body may be said to help a man to speak, but the hands speak themselves. Do we not

express our desires by them ; do we not command and threaten, summon and dismiss, bless and curse, express hatred, fear, and anger and every other conceivable emotion and passion by the particular adjustment of the hands? It is the function of the hands to do all this, and so universally and uniformly, that amid all the diversity of tongues spoken throughout the habitable world the language spoken by the hands remains the universal language of all mankind. Most strange then is it that speakers in this country should so persistently neglect the use, or else cultivate the misuse of this eloquent means of communicating thought and feeling to our fellow men. To the English speaker they seem to be a positive hindrance instead of a help. He would be glad to unscrew them, if he could, and lay them aside as lumber during the delivery of a speech. But as they cannot be got rid of at will, and something must be done with them, he does his best to hide them. The Englishman's handling of his own hands is a curiosity in itself. Some men, we verily believe, would rejoice if their audience would permit them to deliver their address with their hands glued to their sides like the awkward squad at "shun." It is a distinct stage of improvement if the hands can be got away from the body at all. Sometimes they are nervously thrust forward only to be hidden again, as if in penance or remorse, in trouser or coat-tail pockets. Gentlemen of the long robe much affect the insertion of their thumbs in the waistcoat on either side high up. Then how nervous and jerky is the action of many who pretend to use their arms at all! Surely, in spite of great precedents to the contrary, the characteristic sledge hammer action of Mr. Newdegate is not graceful and not more forcible than less awkward gesticulation.

Again, need the arms or hands always be at cross purposes and be worked on different principles, as if by different companies? Some speakers are able to take care of, to account for a single arm or hand, but cannot manage two, like jugglers who cannot keep up more than a limited number of balls. Others again have a habit of clutching at whatever happens to be nearest them at starting and play with, and apparently address themselves to it, instead of their audience.

Dr. Whately's instance of this failing is well known :

I remember when I was young [he says] and used to frequent Westminster Hall, there was a councillor who never pleaded without a piece of pack-thread in his hand, which he used to twist about a

thumb or finger all the while he was speaking. Wags present used to call it the thread of his discourse, and so it proved, for once one of his clients, less wise than waggish, pulled it away from him whilst he was in the midst of pleading, and the result of the thread of the discourse being dropped was, that the case was lost.

On the contrary, how a speech gains in brightness, force, and life in the hands of a skilful elocutionist! Is this not the reason why we return with such heightened relish to Shakspeare's plays, after we have seen them well acted, or to a favourite poem we have heard skilfully recited? Demosthenes could scarcely believe that Satyrus the actor had been speaking for him the same passages from Sophocles and Euripedes which he himself had been trying to stammer and halt through but an hour before. There are passages in every speech, and every poem, which lose all their force and beauty if the language of gesture lends not its aid. How the raising of the hand completes the picture in Aytoun's lines,

And by the bright St. Andrew's cross,
Which waves above us there!

How the action of the hands directs our gaze in the line

Through this the well beloved Brutus stabb'd!

How all its pith is taken from the famous passage in O'Connell's Kerry speech, in which he described

Yonder blue mountains where you and I were cradled
by the want of appropriate gesture?

Mr. Lewes tells us that when Salvini played Othello in 1875,

The whole house was swept along by the intense and finely graduated culmination of passion in the outburst "Villain be sure you prove, &c.," when seizing Iago and shaking him as a lion might shake a wolf, he finished by flinging him on the ground, raises his foot to trample on the wretch—and then a sudden revulsion of feeling checks the brutality of the act, the gentleman masters the animal, and with mingled remorse and disgust he stretches forth a hand to raise him up Kean was tremendous in this passage [remarks Mr. Lewes], but Salvini surpassed him.

It is not to be expected, that we should all employ the same amount of gesture, nor are we advocating a system of elocution which should turn out a class of speakers, each one of whom shall be a copy of the other. Nothing, in our opinion, would be so detrimental to oratory. Mr. Gladstone said well that

Personal peculiarities ought to be kept within bounds, but depend upon it they ought not altogether to be renounced. When you come to a really remarkable preacher you will not find one of them who has not his distinctive marks just as you will find no human face that is the worth wearing that has not got in some shape or other some distinctive marks.

It is of the highest importance that these thoughtful remarks coming from one of the greatest of living orators, should be kept steadily before the mind of the teacher of elocution, for it is his business to draw out all the characteristic talents of the pupil, and to utilize his individual traits where they can be made to tell in his favour as a speaker. With the spirit of a true artist, while making suggestions, throwing out hints, and encouraging and helping his pupil to educate in the true sense of the word all his elocutionary talents, to draw them out to the fullest possible advantage, the teacher will on no account set up himself, or indeed any other man, no matter what his oratorical fame, as a model, to be slavishly followed. And yet more than once it has been our misfortune to witness exhibitions of speaking, in which a whole class of juvenile declaimers seemed to have been turned out like bullets forged in exactly the same mould. If lessons in elocution were necessarily to result in such slavish and unmanly types of orators with all freshness and individuality knocked out of them, as though they had been trained by a member of the "Conservatoire" system, we should be the first to advocate the banishment of all elocution from our schools and colleges. What we do earnestly plead for is a system of elocution which will produce not artificial but natural, not pompous but graceful, not dramatic but eloquent speakers.

Experience seems to point to the conclusion that among the best methods of accomplishing this is to form our boys into clubs on the model of the ordinary debating societies, or "if the rage for Parliamentary procedure for speechifying, and for publicity alike must be satisfied," there is that other form of debating society having a local habitation in 62 clubs, christened by a correspondent in the *Times* "Playing at Parliament," in which besides Parliamentary forms, all the pomp and circumstance of Parliamentary paraphernalia are turned to account. Without for one moment wishing to say anything against this harmless and amusing method of glorifying the old fashioned way of conducting debates, we cannot help thinking that more

would be gained by substituting for it some real acting—say an occasional play, one of Shakspeare's, or where the work of mounting such a play is found to encroach upon more serious studies, some scene or scenes, in which each actor should be expected to put in practice to the best of his aided powers the golden rules embodied in Hamlet's advice to the players. We have seen this method of teaching speaking attended with the best possible results, and we could point to public men now, before the world who have acknowledged that they owe no little of their power of speech-making to the parts they took in their school-day plays.

There is, however, no method of teaching the art of elocution to supersede that employed by the orators of ancient Rome and Greece—constant drill and practice in it with the assistance of a painstaking master. This is the only system which, while hindering defects in voice and gesture from hardening into irradicable bad habits, lays down positive precepts for the right use of each of them in accordance with the spirit of the speech, and the circumstances under which it is spoken. Set a boy, then, to get ready a piece of prose or verse for declamation as part of his examination work, and give him to understand that he will be liable to be called upon on any public occasion to take part in a play, a debate, or an exhibition of speaking, and by the time he has completed his college course he will be ready to make himself heard, understood, and felt by any audience before which he may be called upon to express his thoughts.

Our remarks on this wide and comprehensive subject have been, we feel, exceedingly sketchy and incomplete; we have raised rather than settled points, have asked rather than answered questions, and, instead of proposing any definite practical scheme, have done little more than open the way to discussion. Plans will no doubt follow, if only public attention can be awakened to a subject of so much interest, which moreover grows in importance, and yet seems to be unaccountably lost sight of in the rush and bustle of our present existence. If speech is one of the greatest gifts of God it is surely worth our while to turn it to the very best advantage for the sake of our fellow-men, for our own sake, and for the sake of Him who gave it.

BERNARD VAUGHAN.

Peasant Proprietary in Ireland.

VIEWS in whatever light the question of peasant proprietary may be, regarded either in its economic or social aspects, it offers advantages over any other system of land tenure which the intelligence of man has yet devised, his wants have suggested, or his experience has rendered feasible. It is unquestionably the form of agricultural economy best calculated to bring forth to the fullest the productive capacities of the soil of a country, for under the "magic of property" incredible are the efforts of industry, and beneficial the result and effects of human exertion so stimulated and encouraged. It has been the only plan of farming that withstood the losses entailed by bad seasons or the failure of crops, and by established pre-eminence over every species of tenure it has proved itself to be the most conducive to the interests of peace and good order in any society where it exists. It affords the greatest stimulus to mental activity, for under its influence the peasant-owner finds himself with much to do and every inducement to do it. No other agrarian arrangement tends so strongly to the production and growth of habits of temperance, frugality, and foresight, and, in fine, none on the whole is so favourable both to the moral and physical welfare of a people. Taking a comprehensive glance at the results of the system in the various countries of Europe where it has been wisely adopted, and looking into the invariable and constant effects produced upon those peoples, notwithstanding internal and peculiar racial and climatic differences, peasant proprietary offers itself to-day by the intrinsic merit of its principles and the record of its trials, the best possible cure for the economic evils that afflict Irish society. It shall be my endeavour to show from the historic example of other lands as contrasted with the present unsatisfactory position of agrarian affairs in this, that no more requisite, expedient, and beneficial change of proprietary could be devised to give permanence and progress to the shifting and

unquiet condition of Irish land tenure. My first task shall be to explain, as clearly and concisely as I can, the working of this system on the Continent and elsewhere—selecting only special and remarkable instances. My readers can then draw their inferences from those experiences, diverse and varied as they are, yet constant and unchanged in the one grand result of economic success. I shall endeavour also to explain the exact situation in Ireland, how far recent legislation has gone or progressing in its present direction can affect the social factors of discontent—how much it can appease the “national earth hunger.” When these facts are understood and their significance appreciated, the inevitable conclusions may be fairly drawn, and thus in possession of the whole case, fairly stated, and “nought extenuated or set down in malice,” my readers will be in a position, I hope, to apprehend the full importance and necessity of the reforms I advocate, and to agree with those who, thoroughly understanding the Irish land question, think that no agrarian laws which fall short of a generous and general system of peasant proprietary can be efficient and equal to cope with the supreme difficulties of the situation.

Looking at the map of Europe, arranged, as it were, in its various agrarian communities, perhaps the first country into the economic conditions of which one would from historic association be inclined to inquire into and examine would be FRANCE. With that country, therefore, I shall begin my brief and cursory review.

What the French peasantry to-day are as far as material well-being and comfort are concerned I shall not attempt to describe, beyond saying that in these respects they are a distinctively favoured people. When war with its countless evils devastated their fields and invading armies ravaged their homesteads, the hoarded resources of the peasantry enabled them to bear without flinching the losses entailed by ruined crops, and the cessation of all industries. Thrice within this century alone they suffered these disasters, yet with a strange power of resilient energy they threw off the burden. When an indemnity, unexampled for its enormity, was imposed by a ruthless conqueror in 1870, in three years the tax was paid off, and the principal contributions towards its discharge were of the accumulated savings of the small landowners. And yet at the closing years of the last century their condition was comfortless and sad. Smollett speaks of the French when he

saw them under a landocracy, as "being without cattle to furnish manures, without horses to execute the plans of agriculture, their farm houses mean, their furniture beggarly, themselves and their beasts the images of famine." With a revolution of the political system came a more urgent reform of the agrarian laws, and that change opened the era of prosperity. From being oppressed by rents to absentee owners, the peasants became the owners of their farms, freed from the embarrassment of one-sided taxation and the charges of a useless and debauched proprietary. Despite all the political trouble that since 1789 has occurred, France has advanced to wealth at a rate of progression only to be described as an advance "by leaps and bounds." This astonishing material progress was entirely due to the spirit of industry created by a peasant-ownership under which the productive capabilities of the soil were developed, and capital was produced, distributed, and increased. The artisans of the cities without such securities of, and inducements to, labour that meant self-advancement were continually at strife, fighting on the barricades, establishing constitutions, demolishing them, putting up empires and pulling them down when the dazzle of their novelty had faded, and ever and always a source of trouble to the Executive. The peasantry, however, happy on their homesteads, plodded on unmindful of such disturbances, no danger to society, but its best and ultimate conservators. Until such a beneficent form of land tenure was established, French landlords were living continually in fear and terror, the evils of agrarian strife were felt, "Boycotting" was an institution, and outrage a custom. Men were murdered in open day before sympathising crowds, and there was no conspirator found bold enough to impeach the offender. Now well may the French say, *Nous avons changé tout cela*. Such occurrences are but the almost forgotten memories of a black and bitter past. To-day eight millions of owning cultivators hold the soil of France, and one thing is evident from this general distribution of property, that the land there is the national possession. There, consequently, the land question is settled and determined—no agrarian revolution is possible, and the rights of individuals to property are nowhere more jealously conserved. M. de Mornay on this subject says: "In the greater number of the departments seventy-five per cent. are now become the owners of land. Peasant proprietary thus embraces a great part of the soil, and that part increases incessantly. The competition of

buyers is active, and sales of small lots take place on excellent terms for the seller." And as to its economic effects, M. de Lavergne tells us that: "The best cultivation in France, on the whole, is that of the peasant proprietors." Of course this constant interchange of land is a perpetual and powerful incentive to agricultural industry. It is happily brought about by an easy, intelligible, and inexpensive system of land transfer and registration. A very common objection urged against peasant properties is that the owners of them are usually heavily in debt to the local shopkeeper, the loan banker, or proverbial "gombeen man" of Ireland, and that the interest charged by that exacting creditor is more oppressive than any rent. This at one time appeared a very plausible argument against the scheme, but from a very careful examination into the facts of the case in France, it is found to be without any foundation in fact. M. de Lavergne estimates "the amount of debt on those lands at five per cent. on an average of their total value," and the marked improvement that has taken place in the food, clothing, and habitation of the French people, proves that they are neither impecunious nor improvident, but, on the contrary, rising rapidly in the social and economic scale. That same eminent economist, from careful inquiry, arrived at the conclusion "that the great estates of England were more heavily encumbered, acre for acre, than the peasant properties of France." And in a more intensified form of obligation, by a more weighty load of mortgage are the Irish estates held—until probably not one in the twenty million acres that form the area of this country is unmortgaged. France has had for only three quarters of a century enjoyed anything like liberty, and for less than half a century tranquillity and industrial life, and yet within that relatively brief interval of a nation's life, what great material progress has she not made, what a triumph of economic truth her prosperous condition presents to what it was when the century opened? To illustrate the character and extent of that progress I shall quote the following passage from a very interesting work on the French people by Mr. Leslie. He says:

Whoever reflects what the French rural population would be, on the one hand, under a land system like that of Ireland, or even England, and what its town population would be on the other; if instead of being a third it were more than a half of the whole nation, and if instead of having a political counterpoise in the country it found

there only greater political ferment and discontent than its own, must surely pronounce that the land system of France is not only the salvation of that country itself, but one of the principal securities for the tranquillity and economic progress of Europe.

If I turn to the agrarian changes effected in GERMANY, I find the same grand saving principle of universal ownership acknowledged and carried out, and the cultivating tenant recognized and established as the owner of his farm. No other system, it would appear, could thrive in these countries, and none other would be tolerated by these intelligent and highly cultivated people.

In Prussia the statesmanlike policy of Stein and Hardenberg carried out in a most complete, full, and satisfactory manner, an agrarian reform of the most important character. The ruling idea of the legislation associated with those illustrious names was to enfranchise the land, as well as the owner of it, from all restrictions to its free exchange and his sole possession. But the proprietorial rights were handed over to the tenantry at a fair compensatory value. The great historic distinction between "demesne land" and "tenant land," between "the manor" and "the allodium," "the community" and "the immunity," was fought out for years with varying success, but ultimately, and by the quiet force of the "necessity of the situation," settled to the advantage of the State, and that of all parties concerned. The "edicts" declaring and regulating these reforms were masterly productions, charters of agrarian rights and a comprehensive code of admitted economic principles. As wide-extending in their range as they were determinate in their application, they accomplished their purpose in a clear, defined, and impartial manner. From effecting the separation of the conflicting rights of landlord and tenant to the establishment of Land Banks, the most perfect and adequate provision for every contingency was made with a foresight remarkable for its keen, intelligent appreciation of the character and stability of the social factors with which these statutes had to deal. In cutting off the encumbrance of landlord privileges, which exasperated the common "folk" and kept the country in a condition of chronic misery and unrest, the legislation of Prussia is an emphatic protest against the system of double ownership. The sole object sought and effected by the reforms was that every class should participate in the rights, duties, and blessings which flow from landed property. Fixity of tenure, a

halting device which finds so much favour in Ireland as a potent specific for its agrarian troubles, was in Prussia rejected as an incomplete makeshift, a half-measure settlement, for in such an arrangement it was felt that though, as an economic writer once expressed it, "the landlord was divorced from the soil, yet the tenant was not married to it." And antecedently to these beneficial reforms and to relieve the congestion of population on the cultivated lands, Frederick the Great, by organized settlements, colonized the waste lands, fixing upon them in perfect security from disturbance by rack-renting, a sturdy population whose sons fought his battles, "and their sons fought at Leipsic." In this movement there was an acknowledgment of the great fact that, as Mr. Morier expressed it, "land which it may not pay to reclaim for the immediate object of rent will yield sufficient returns when tilled as property." The grand principle of this and of all land legislation in Prussia was to secure the comfort of the people and the material prosperity of the State. "It was felt when that prime object was reached that one of the great ends and purposes of government was attained." That the results have justified the hopes of those reformers and their project succeeded, the independence, the comparative competency, the trained intelligence and international supremacy reached and held by Germany to-day—"Germany a complex state of small proprietors"—is evidence strong, conclusive, and sufficient of the value of that form of agricultural economy. The Prussian system is that adopted in all the minor States of the Empire with varied degrees of perfection. It affords a great example of the policy of "thoroughness," for those laws were originally framed in so entire a spirit that since their passing in the March of 1850, they have required little modification or supplement, and in this respect alone they present a curious contrast to the imperfect legislation of these countries, where the possibility of annual alteration of our most elaborate statutes is ever within the ken of practical politics. Who of its most ardent admirers and enthusiastic advocates could venture to prophesy finality or promise an enduring settlement for the Irish Land Act of 1881, with its present defective machinery for fixing judicial rents—a system that has no foundation in economic science or any precedent in history—a plan that is unworkable from the necessary accumulation of its work. Before leaving this branch of the subject, I think it well to explain the idea of the institution of local

Land Banks in Prussia and the principle of their operation. In each district local rent banks were established by the State, which were empowered to advance to the landlord in rent debentures, paying four per cent. interest, a capital sum equal to twenty years' purchase of the rent. The peasant, on his part, paid into the hands of the district collector each month one-twelfth part of a rent calculated at four and a half or five per cent. on this capital sum of purchase, according as the tenant elected to free his land from the charge in $41\frac{1}{2}$ or in $56\frac{1}{2}$ years—the respective terms at which by compound interest the one or half per cent. paid in addition to the four per cent. interest on the debentures, would extinguish the capital. That in general terms was the Prussian land banking system.

The Grand Duchy of Hesse presents so very instructive a case in point, offers so attractive a picture of peasant proprietary, that it would be injudicious, in any article which pretended to be a review of the European systems, to overlook that district. There, in 1836, "a great law was passed, by which all rent charges already in existence could be compulsorily redeemable at the instance of the rentee or rentor." And a very thorough and effective plan of transfer was at the time devised, by which transactions could be most economically and expeditiously effected. The general principles involved in that measure were universal truths based upon the two following economic considerations. *Firstly*, that where the finances are properly administered the State, representing the sum total of the credit of all its members, can borrow money more cheaply than its individual members can. *Secondly*, that by means of its ordinary administrative machinery, the State can collect rents and enforce their payment more cheaply and effectively than the individual. Acting upon these economic axioms the Hessian reform was framed, and it has been since most successfully carried out. There also Land Banks were established upon the plan subsequently adopted by Prussia. Eighteen years' purchase of the rental was allowed—the State paying the landlord a capital sum equivalent to that amount, and charging three per cent. on the sum and one per cent. interest towards the amortisation of the capital, which at compound interest extinguished the debt in forty-seven years. So well regulated was the scheme that from that period of re-settlement the new "graduating proprietor" or former tenant was called upon actually to pay less to the State than he paid formerly as rent to the landlord, even

charging him with taxes and the cost of their collection. The project was so nicely adjusted and is so intimately applicable to the question, that a brief and bare description of its main features will not be out of place. Thus supposing the old rent to be one hundred florins, a peasant, under the new arrangement, is called upon only to pay ninety-seven—and discharges the debt, interest, &c., in this very satisfactory manner :

	Florins.
3 per cent. on 1,800 florins (18 times the rent being allowed to the landlord)	54
1 per cent. as a sinking fund	18
3 per cent. on rent charge as cost of collection, bad debts, &c.	3
	—
	75
	—
Add to this the taxes formerly paid by landlord	22
	—
Total	97

It will be remembered that while the one hundred florins to the landlord continued for an indefinite period, the reduced rent to the State ceases in forty-seven years, after which the farm becomes a freehold. The latter arrangement is also preferable as it entirely eliminates the possibility of an increase of the charge under any circumstances. Speaking of the conditions of the Hessian and Rhine peasantry generally, M. Morier says : "I need hardly observe that an able-bodied pauper is a being entirely unknown amongst them. The most vivid impression I carried away with me was the equable manner in which the wealth of the place appeared to be distributed among its inhabitants."

But in BELGIUM we see, perhaps, the most astonishingly favourable results arising from the system of peasant proprietary. We find that in Flanders, though the peasant labours under such natural disadvantages that the soil will not produce a single crop without two manurings, yet the land is made fertile by the ceaseless and surprising efforts of his untiring industry. That the material condition of the Flemings is withal satisfactory, M. de Lavergne attests when he says :—"Each of these peasant proprietors manages his own farm, and under the shadow of his fruit trees enjoys in security what he earns by the sweat of his brow. This is a kind of rural opulence due not to the possession of large capitals, but to the

abundance of rural produce. No one is rich enough to live in idleness; no one so poor as to suffer from want." And the same eminent economist also shows that the obstacle to the well being of parts of Belgium "is not the number of small properties but the number of small tenants." The condition of the Belgian peasant also proves that this form of agricultural economy favours largely the increase of the elements of agriculture, creates its own capital, does not exclude the employment of machinery, even of the most costly description (such as steam ploughs, &c.), and is not attended with an excessive increase of population. In fact I may remark *en parenthèse*, that this and the usual stock objections to peasant proprietary are now with educated and travelled persons quite exploded—thoroughly contradicted by the experiences of every country where that beneficent agrarian arrangement prevails.

The working of the same plan in Norway, where the system is, according to Mr. Mill, of oldest date, a few observations from Mr. Laing will sufficiently explain:—"The extent to which irrigation is carried on in these glens and valleys shows a spirit of exertion and co-operation to which Scotland can show nothing similar. The people feel as proprietors who receive the advantages of their exertions. The excellent state of the roads and bridges is another proof that the country is inhabited by people who have a common interest to keep them under repair. There are no tolls."

Coming nearer home and taking a look in for a moment at the little isle of Guernsey, what do we find? Speaking of it, Sir George Head says: "No matter to what point the traveller may chose to bend his way, comfort everywhere prevails." "The happiest community," says Mr. Hill, "which it has ever been my lot to fall in with, is to be found in this little island of Guernsey. Beggars are utterly unknown, pauperism, able-bodied pauperism at least, is nearly as rare as mendicancy." The evidence as to Jersey and Alderney is of a similar character. Mr. Thornton, speaking of the Channel Islands, says:

Thus it appears that in the two principal islands the agricultural population is, in one twice, and in the other three times as dense as in Great Britain, there being in the latter country only one cultivator to every twenty-two acres, while in Jersey there is one to eleven, and in Guernsey one to seven acres. Yet the agriculture of these islands maintains, besides cultivators, non-agricultural populations respectively four and five times as dense as that of Great Britain. The difference does not arise

from any superiority of soil or climate possessed by the Channel Islands, for the former is naturally rather poor and the latter is not better than in the southern counties of England. It is owing to the assiduous care of the farmers and the abundant use of manures. In Jersey the average size of farms is sixteen acres. Thirty shillings an acre would be thought in England a very fair rent for middling land; but in the Channel islands it is only very inferior land that would not let for at least £4 an acre.

That the plan of peasant proprietary was very recently, but most successfully, tried upon a small and restricted scale in Ireland is a fact which may not be as generally known as so encouraging an experience should be. The Church Act of 1869 empowered the occupying tenantry of glebe lands to purchase them at favourable rates for repayment, but at an unfairly competitive figure. Yet the process was easy, cheap, and intelligible, and in consequence of the facilities it offered six thousand peasant proprietors of varied possessions as to their character and extent were created. Unhappily, they were no sooner planted than agricultural reverses falling thick and heavy upon every one connected with land involved the good and the bad farmer in one universal sweep of distress, which lasted for over two years, from 1879 to 1881. The peasant owners bore manfully up against the pitiless storm, and managed not only to live but to pay up with creditable if surprising regularity and promptitude the annual repayments of purchase-money. Mr. Godley, the efficient and capable secretary of the Commission, bore testimony to their conduct for probity and industry. Mr. Tuke, whose philanthropy is well known, but never blinds his keen Yorkshire common sense, visited those struggling communities in the depth of their trouble, and yet was so favourably impressed with the air of comfort displayed, the spirit of exertion manifested, that he contributed to the *Nineteenth Century* for August, 1880, a very instructive article upon them, entitled "Peasant Proprietors at Home." From it I take the liberty of quoting the few pregnant passages that follow :

These men had good stock and horses. They employed one or two labourers. They were fully determined to have no subdivision, and the air of content and sense of the position obtained was all that could be desired. There I found out that tenants who had risen in the morning Radicals and discontented, went to bed Conservatives and contented the evening they became landed proprietors. The remarkable result of the Church Act that five thousand or six thousand proprietors

chiefly working their own land have been added to the nineteen thousand five hundred and forty-seven owners in Ireland cannot be regarded as otherwise than a great benefit in a country almost wholly agricultural. Multiply these little centres of content and satisfaction which have been shown to exist; extend throughout the whole of Ireland instances like those recorded at Erganagh, near Omagh, where, by the combined labour of twenty tenants alone two hundred acres of land were in course of reclamation from the mountain, and you will go far to solve the loud and dangerous cry for fixity of tenure and "no landlords," and prevent the distress and destitution from which they spring. The privilege of all others Ireland most desires is that of being permitted to work and cultivate her vast wildernesses.

With these suggestive and, I trust, sufficient examples of the invariable success of the system of peasant ownership, I shall proceed to consider the present economic condition of Ireland, and endeavour to prove, as far and as well as I can, how expedient such a system of land tenure is here, and how certain such a reform would be to cure the evils of the Irish agrarian situation. Ireland suffers most from the unfixed condition of its agricultural population, and in our present sore troubles the want of a large body of men, who possessing a stake in the country, are by reason of that tangible interest the anxious conservators of law and order, is deeply felt. We see the regrettable impotence of the vast body of police employed, their powerlessness to detect a single open-day murder and bring to justice one of the many sturdy malefactors that walk abroad. Some of us may yet wish a further increase in the numbers, and desire a strengthening of the efficiency of the constabulary, an overhauling of the whole administrative machinery, and imagine that in those changes lies the root of the evil. Yet the most observant politicians are of opinion that the best police to establish and organize would be the formation of a peasant proprietary upon a broad basis. The deliberate and principal advice of the Lords' Committee of this Session recommends such a plan of settlement. On the other hand, one of the chief leaders of popular Irish opinion two years ago declared and to-day reiterates the statement that peasant proprietary is to be the efficient and sufficient cure for the agrarian ills then coming to a head and not since removed. So pronounced was Mr. Parnell's declaration, that I am tempted to give his most emphatic statement made at Limerick in April, 1880. He said :

I have long abandoned the principle of fixity of tenure at periodic revaluation of tenants' holdings, because every English statesman of eminence has pronounced against it. There must be, as in France, as in Prussia, as in Belgium, a peasant proprietary established in Ireland by the aid of the State.

The Conservatives find themselves to-day the recognized and prominent advocates of the very same proposal. That plan evidently must possess strong claims to consideration when such otherwise opposed statesmen as Mr. Parnell and Lord Salisbury, Mr. Smith and Mr. Healy, viewing its advantages from different standpoints, are found together agreed in recommending its experiment. The leader of the Conservatives went farther in his declaration than even the leader of the Land League, for at Liverpool this spring Lord Salisbury gave utterance to those significant words, "if you wish to establish peace and contentment in Ireland, you must do your best to bring the ownership of the land again into single hands." That such is the best arrangement of the economic difficulty is evident from a glance at the complex condition of the Irish agrarian problem.

The Irish are an almost purely and exclusively agricultural people living upon the land by sufferance. The ownership of a commodity so necessary to the well being and contentment of the nation is in the hands of a few persons who are not distinguished by private liberality or remarkable for public virtue. Mr. Bright, in a speech at Birmingham, in November, 1880, drew attention to some remarkable facts upon this point when he said :

One third of Ireland is possessed by two hundred and ninety-two persons ; one half of Ireland is possessed by seven hundred and forty-four persons, and two thirds of the whole island are in the possession of one thousand nine hundred and forty-two persons. On the other side, there are more than five hundred thousand tenants. There is a great fact—five hundred thousand families, being at least two and a half to three millions of persons dependent upon the soil, competing with each other for the possession of a farm, having no variety of occupation as there is in England, having one way and that only—the way out of the country—to escape from the difficulties in which they find themselves.

Mr. Joseph Cowen M.P., gave still more instructive statistics in one of his speeches to the Newcastle electors. He said :

The great evil in Ireland at this moment was the small numbers of owners of land and the proportionately large number of occupiers. The number of owners of plots of land above ten acres was twenty-five

thousand, while the tenants numbered six hundred thousand, and those nearly all tenants at will. There are in Ireland one hundred and fifty-six thousand mud cabins with only one apartment, and those are occupied by two hundred and twenty eight thousand families. Amongst the owners of land there were only seven per cent. Catholics. The League scheme of peasant proprietary would increase the owners and thereby consolidate the institutions of the country. Out of six hundred thousand holdings, four hundred thousand were under thirty acres, and three hundred thousand did not exceed fifteen acres. In one estate in Connaught there were no fewer than three thousand nine hundred tenants, not one of whom paid more than £5 a year rent. In the county of Donegal there were seventeen thousand, in Galway eighteen thousand, and in Mayo nineteen thousand holdings under an annual value of £4.

And taking what may be called a scientific view of the case, Mr. Caird, the generally recognized and respected authority on agricultural matters, says of peasant proprietary :

Room will be found for peasant proprietors where the agricultural labourer may in favourable localities get a foothold on the land of his country. I should have little fear of a prosperous result to well-applied industry on this principle. On such holdings there is ample room for good business in eggs and poultry, early and late vegetables and fruits, and milk and butter, upon all of which the profit will be in proportion to the skill and labour employed in their production. The system will not only give free play to skilled labour, but would elicit the action of the higher qualities with which man is endowed, and which are apt to lie dormant when he works under a mechanical routine.

This is what may be termed looking at the subject from a purely business point of view. When we read statements such as these, it can well be understood how, when a people find themselves so divorced from the soil as the Irish people are, a spirit of unrest and unhappiness should pervade every class.

But there is a worse evil arising out of this vast aggrandizement of land. It is also the fertile mother of the worst form of social evil that can afflict a country—the cancerous evil of ABSENTEEISM. The position and privileges of the absentee class are anomalous and unjust. “If a landlord be, as it appears, a proprietor of a peculiar kind, entrusted with a special kind of property, on which the local prosperity of the country in a great measure depends, it is plain that, as in any other cases, the duty of ownership will be best performed by persons who do not live at the end of the world, but rather at home, with their eye directly over the district of which they are the guard-

ians." That is an admitted principle of duty. However, proprietary rights are not so understood in Ireland. With our many-acred absentees different ideas prevail. They satisfy their conscience and their class by entrusting the management of their estates and the discharge of the incidental duties—which consist almost exclusively of the exaction of rent—to agents whose condition of existence is to send as much money over as can *per fas et nefas* be squeezed out of the toiling tenantry. Although there are laudable exceptions this is a pretty fair picture of how properties are managed. As a rule, these deputies are harsh and hard-hearted, and even at the very best they cannot be supposed to have any real interest in the comfort or prosperity of the people under them. Under such an unnatural system, no community can make any solid advances in material well-being: few tenants so conditioned can do more than maintain a constant struggle for existence. The absentee owner is by this accommodating arrangement acquitted of all social duty, and the people who live under him are sacrificed, in a manner equally impolitic and inhuman, to the convenience of a practically irresponsible mandatory, the crotchet of a doctrinaire, or the greed of an intrusive speculator. Therefore, knowing little of landlordism, comparatively speaking, but its worst forms, pressed by rents which, by the unquestioned evidence of the courts now re-settling them, were exorbitant, it is not difficult to understand why there should exist among the great body of the Irish people a rooted disinclination to the continuance of a system associated in so many of their minds with bitter memories of cruelty and exaction. With such strong innate feelings of opposition, it is easily comprehensible how very advisable, for the better security and peace of this country, it is to lessen by rapid growths of a peasant proprietary the antipathy to the present forms of land ownership however regulated. It is plain that though the friction by recent expedients may be lessened, the weight continues to be felt, and therefore is it prudent to provide a system differently administered, and thus remove to fewer breasts the uneasy, lingering desire for change, the almost unconquerable resolve at the first favourable moment to effect, of themselves, a radical and thorough reform.

Looking over the waste of field and plain, here and there a little crowded village with a congested population which the laws of the country keep from spreading to the million unoccu-

pieced acres around, looking to the consequently necessitous increase of emigration; the exodus of the best blood of the island, "all that is comely, all that is good," the universal aspect of deserted desolateness and misery presented, one is forced to conclude that the large properties held by absentees or by residents are the causes of all this trouble, and the sad sentence in which Pliny lamented the wasting away of the Imperial power, the extermination of the elements of social strength and Roman greatness recur to my mind, and with him I am forced to say, *Modum agri in primis servandum antiqui putavere: verumque confitentibus latifundia perdidere Italiam, jam vero et provincias.* Verily large properties are ruining Ireland also, and not the least aggravated form of the evil are the absentee estates. To the absence of such a wholesome corrective as a general distribution of property, to the want of such a controlling force in the Irish body politic are traceable most of the enormities of the present lawlessness. And the late elaborate machinery for fixing rents such as is now clumsily being worked out by the Sub-Commission Land Courts cannot cure this deep-rooted sore. That cumbrous and costly expedient may at best succeed in quieting disaffection because it yields to it, but at the first advent of another failure of the crops the whole fabric, now built up with such toil and trouble, will tumble into greater confusion than that which it is seeking to remove, and the remedy will require more sacrifices and involve a greater wrench to conventional justice than some would like to contemplate. There is nothing of the character of finality or permanence about the present plan. It commences by ignoring the first principles of political economy, and ends by violating the manifest promptings of natural justice. It is the most curious and complicated device ever yet brought into practice. It continues the evils of the present system. It appears as if it were deemed a cure for a consumptive man to case him in armour. The great mass of the people are still to be unwisely divorced from the soil, and yet with all the languid desire for its possession which the old tribal system has made an inherent craving in the Celtic nature, and which the contrary legislation of English rule has more intensified than eradicated. Those who judge of the Irish Land Question from the safe standpoint of a distance, and measure the agrarian difficulty in agricultural Ireland by the standard of affairs in manufacturing England, must necessarily form a

wholly erroneous impression of the reality of the disease and the necessity and character of the remedy. John Stuart Mill vigorously refuted that fallacy when he said in 1869, "That the Irish circumstances and the Irish ideas as to social and agricultural economy are the general ideas and circumstances of the human race. It is the English ideas and circumstances that are peculiar. Ireland is in the main stream of human existence, of human feeling and opinion. It is England that is one of the lateral channels." The disastrous mistake of treating the two countries as if they were economically equally circumstanced must sooner or later be abandoned. In requiring for the settlement of its land difficulty the segregation of land among its people as far as convenient and compatible with the interests of society, Ireland is but asking for a reform which is the natural outcome of modern economic developments, the most effective specific for curing social disaffection, and is but following in the wake of every other country in Europe, except England where, of course from its vast commercial and manufacturing industries, agriculture occupies only a subordinate position. Nothing else but the distributive ownership which I have shown to have succeeded so well wherever it has been tried, can give the incentive to languishing agriculture that will lift it from the slough wherein it lies, so that one year's failure of the crops will not bring with it to the resourceless tillers inevitable famine and certain starvation. Therein also lie the potency and promise of a lasting and abiding peace. As the peasant proprietary scheme has been advocated by the present men of light and leading in the Tory party, it cannot be considered other than a most Conservative doctrine. Nay, the very principle of the arrangement is essentially and peculiarly Conservative, for the real fact unquestionably is, that a measure tending to a large distribution of land in a country now locked up in the hands of a few persons who abuse that sacred trust, and whose default of duty causes perpetual social unrest, is as Conservative a plan as was ever promulgated, and is conceived by all sober thinkers not more in the interest of the landless many than of the landed few. Professor Blackie on that subject once remarked :

There is no ingredient in what may be called the raw material of society more important than landed property, and no fact connected with that ingredient more important than its well proportioned and well balanced distribution through all classes of which the State, as an

organized society of human beings, is composed. The land was the scene on which the great drama of social life was enacted, the quarry out of which the possibility of existence was evolved, the foundation on which depended both the number and the character of the men that formed the nucleus and were to remain the bone and sinew of the land.

It is considered the primary duty of a government anxious for the well-being of its people, to have as many as possible living under the influence of this the firmest of social bonds and most powerful of national aspirations. A well regulated distribution of landed property among the citizens of a State is, and always should be, the principal object of a wise government that wants to enjoy internal peace and prosperity. Upon that point the legislation of the most notable free peoples of antiquity turned, and only when the evils of land-aggrandizement sprung up and the baneful effects of a destructive monopoly spread were revolutions possible. Aristotle condemned the change in the Spartan Constitution that tended to injurious land aggregation. He saw that if the land were concentrated in the hands of a few, the great bolts that kept society intact were loosened, the many were in landless misery leading on to discontent, setting class against class in a constant feud of jealousy, hatred, and strife. The same consequences which that eminent sage saw result from such a vicious form of agricultural economy are seen to-day, and will continue to show themselves as long as human nature is what it is. Never, in any country were the evils and miseries of this vile species of aggrandized proprietary more keenly felt than in Ireland, and yet despite the teachings of universal experience and the dictates of reason it is now sought to continue and perpetuate the same gangrene in our social system, until it eats into the few remaining healthy elements in the community. Unless "the blundering pretence of legislation" is to be kept up, and to be kept up with the old, disabused, and degraded customs which every civilized country is rejecting, a reform must be made in the system of land tenure and the most thorough, enduring, and satisfactory reform that can be adopted, one suggested by wisest statesmanship, advocated by impartial thinkers, and consecrated by success wherever and whenever tried, is the plan of peasant proprietary.

It is now considered and everywhere admitted as an absolutely necessary condition, that for a people to thrive and be content they must have around them the usual incentives to industry. The State must afford them generous security in their efforts to

increase, or even utilize, the productive capacities and natural wealth of their country. The idea of a *laissez faire* policy, of allowing things to remain in all the uncertainty of the past is now admitted, more particularly as far as Ireland is concerned, to be a foolish and a fatal policy. As Mr. Osborne Morgan, M.P., said on a recent occasion :

Men of all opinions were rapidly beginning to feel that it was time that those artificial barriers, to what might be called the free circulation of land, should be levelled, and when that was done land like every other commodity would gravitate by a natural process to those best fitted to hold and use it, and the question of large and small proprietorships might be safely left to take care of itself. But it is hopeless to legislate for Irish land according to English ideas. They had in Ireland, except in one small portion of the north, no great manufacturing or mining interests as in England, no large centres of industry. The Irish peasant lived, if he could be said to live at all, by the land and on the land. The land was the only plank which divided him from starvation and a very narrow plank, unfortunately, it often was.

Bentham remarked in one of his discourses, "That the laws which secured to the humblest individual the quiet enjoyment of the fruits of his industry are the most splendid achievements of legislative wisdom." Until very recently such an end was never attempted to be carried out in Ireland, in guiding the relations of landlord and tenant. The only security afforded was the security of continuous and coercive rent exaction. Now, this policy is slowly changing, but the thorough, enduring, and satisfying security is only to be found in a general distribution of land among the people of the country. Looking into the results of the system of peasant or cultivator-ownership, as I have shown them to be evidenced in the progress and position of the chief European countries, we find it an invariable and constant rule that, under no other form of territorial arrangement are the productive capabilities of the soil more fully developed. And we know that where such a beneficent system prevails there coexist prosperity and peace. The establishment of such a body as the French, Flemish, or Prussian peasant proprietors, Ireland sorely needs—men that will be found interested in the maintenance of law and order, its most anxious and active conservators. At present the whole agricultural population finds itself at the same dead level of unimproving uniformity. Landed property seems to be the inalienable possession of a small privileged class, and any acts that tend to injuriously affect its value or lessen the stability

of society, are not regarded by the general public with that keen, personal interest, in which such maleficent deeds are considered in France, or in any other country, where there exist thousands of self-respecting and thriving peasant owners and also with the noble idea pervading the rest of the community, that the land is their possible possession, "the reward of their labours and the recognition of their citizenship." In fine, under the inspiriting and beneficent genius of a peasant proprietary, I am justified from the example of what it has effected in other countries once similarly circumstanced as Ireland is, in saying with great confidence that, under the genial influence of such a form of land tenure, peace and quiet would settle down upon our poor fatherland in assured permanence, and with that desirable result would go hand in hand an increase of the material wealth and prosperity of our sadly distracted country.

RICHARD J. KELLY.

The Encyclopædia Britannica on the Jesuits.

IF there is a class of book in which the Catholic Church and her institutions might very reasonably expect to find, not perhaps absolute justice, but some show at least of fair play at the hands of a Protestant opponent, this would be, one would imagine, precisely the class of work which professes to be, first and foremost among other things, a dictionary of facts. What the subscribers to, and readers of, a work of such magnitude and of so much importance as the *Encyclopædia Britannica* may fairly claim from the able and industrious men, who contribute their erudition to its pages, is not so much a setting forth by this or that essayist, or historian, or scientific personage (no matter what his eminence) of his own views on the art, or science, or other subject he undertakes to treat, as above all an accurate exposition of, let us say, the science of arithmetic, or anatomy, or biology, or chemistry, and as fair and impartial a treatment of biographical and historical subjects as may be, under the particular circumstances, attainable. An *Encyclopædia*, which in historical subjects should aim at displaying a judicial impartiality not altogether out of keeping with the admirable accuracy it has been at much pains successfully to attain in purely scientific subjects, would scarcely have recourse to Lord Macaulay for an unprejudiced estimate of the character of James the Second, or entrust the good name of the unfortunate Mary Queen of Scots to the tender mercies of Mr. Swinburne or Mr. Hepworth Dixon, or employ Mr. Froude to whitewash historical characters so black and sooty as those of Henry the Eighth and his incomparable daughter.

It cannot, therefore, be taken as evidence of a very serious desire on the part of the Editors of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* to ensure fair play and impartial treatment for the much-maligned Society of Jesus, that on arriving at the letter J, and being in due course forced to give a sketch of the Jesuits, they have thought proper to secure the services of Dr. Littledale,

and have entrusted him with the task of putting their case before the British public. What, it may be asked, are the Doctor's qualifications for the task he has set himself, or been set to do, and which he has accomplished with,—for him, we feel bound to say, some show of moderation—a moderation, however, which many will no doubt think all the more damaging because studied? What is his special recommendation in the eyes of his employers for the office of judge of the Society of Jesus, to which they have appointed him? Is it the position he occupies in the Anglican Establishment? The fact that a man is a parson and has subscribed to the Thirty-nine Articles, though it should render him cautious how he attacks those who vow a blind obedience, need not necessarily render him unfair to a body of priests, even if these were called into existence to combat Protestantism, and are still reckoned amongst its foremost antagonists. Can it be the fairness and the candour and the impartiality, with which as a controversialist Dr. Littledale has hitherto approached Catholic questions, that have moved the Editors of the Encyclopædia to solicit his help in this matter? Could these gentlemen, whoever they are, see any reason to blame me if, being put upon my trial in my character of a Jesuit, and finding Dr. Littledale on the jury impanelled to try me, I discovered in his own *Plain Reasons* a sufficient motive for asserting my right and challenging his name? What villainy has the Jesuit committed so black, that he should not have extended to him the justice, which is accorded to murderers and cut-throats, and why should he be sent by preference for trial before a man, who cannot or will not do justice to things Catholic, and whose mind, in the particular case of the Jesuit, is so steeped in prejudice, so thoroughly made up about him, as to be incapable of looking for the truth, or even of seeing it, when he has accidentally stumbled upon it—a man whose determination to find fault and error and crime, even in the most innocent and indifferent actions, recalls Pope's well-known lines, in which, speaking of unfair literary critics, he says—

All seems infected that the infected spy,
As all looks yellow to the jaundiced eye?

But in the instance before us Dr. Littledale is a great deal more than the jury impanelled to try the Society; he is judge, also, and prosecuting counsel rolled into one. I would, if I might without discourtesy, ask those gentlemen, who have

thought it fair to borrow Dr. Littledale's pen for a sketch of the Society, to put themselves for a few brief moments in our position, and fancy themselves members of the incriminated Society sent for trial before Dr. Littledale and a jury made up in part of Protestants, in part of unbelievers, but who, whether Protestant or unbelieving, are, generally speaking, men full of prejudice against the Catholic religion, and all that belongs to or comes of it, and then to say, whether with Dr. Littledale's contribution to the *Encyclopædia* for the judge's summing up of the case to a jury so constituted, they could entertain the shadow of a doubt as to the nature of the verdict such a jury would return. Of course, with a charge so one-sided to a jury so prejudiced, an acquittal is out of the question; condemnation, prompt, hearty, and unanimous can on this occasion, as on so many others in our history, be the only possible result. We do not ask for an acquittal; but we do ask for that which we have never had,—a fair trial. We do not shun or fear, on the contrary, we court investigation, and the more thorough and sifting the inquiry, the better we shall be pleased. Rake up, then, and bring to light again all the thousand and one charges which, from the first, have been levelled, but never proved against the Society. State your case against us as powerfully as you can, but do not omit to notice the refutation as fully as the accusation. Bring your friends to bear witness against us from north and south, from east and west, but do not neglect to examine and cross-examine them both as to the facts they allege, and the special claims their own personal character may give them to credibility. And above all, let us have a judge to weigh the evidence for and against us, who, setting down nothing in malice, and nothing extenuating wherein we are worthy, shall state our case fairly and dispassionately to the jury; a judge, mind you, not an advocate, not a special pleader, who, in the handling of his case, brings forward every fact and urges every reason that tends to support the positions on which his argument hinges, sedulously masking every circumstance that contravenes his statement, and avoiding every suggestion that weakens his reasoning upon it, but a man upright, honest, and fearless, who, in the pursuit of truth, looks at his subject on all sides, who handles it not to make of it what he wishes, but to determine what it is, who pulls to pieces and puts together again, who takes the good and the bad as he finds them, that, so far as depends upon his exertions, truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, may be the result of his investigations.

If, then, we have reason to be angry with Dr. Littledale, we have still more reason to feel angry with the men, who have set him on to do this thing, to arraign, indict, and condemn the Jesuits. The trial is on all sides an eminently unfair one, and we appeal from the verdict given against us. But to whom are we to go? The charge is a criminal not a civil one; and as from conviction in a criminal suit there is in this country no appeal, to the gallows we must go with what good grace and cheerfulness we may. Being Christians, we needs must forgive the men who thus systematically traduce us, and stereotyping hand on and perpetuate the calumny to future ages in this country; but being but human, and having human blood, not milk and water running in our veins, we hope we do not sin very deeply if, failing to repress all movement of a very natural indignation, and owing to a feeling of soreness akin to that of Hotspur goaded to madness by the flippancy and silly impertinence of the scented fop immortalized by Shakespere, we confess ourselves to be angry with this Doctor in Israel, who, with an air of conscious superiority, and many shrugs of his shoulders, and pious upliftings of his hands and eyes, shudderings of horror, and rending of garments, sits in judgment upon us and condemns us, but more angry still with those who, knowing as they must have known, that we should meet with little mercy at the hands of a writer so pre-eminently anti-Catholic as Dr. Littledale, selected him nevertheless as their spokesman in this matter, and whispering, perhaps, a recommendation such as that, which Fagin hissed upon a memorable occasion into the ears of Mr. William Sykes, not to be too violent, sent him to describe our Institute, and paint our character, and write our history.

We have the less difficulty in forgiving Dr. Littledale, because we believe his mind to be so thoroughly saturated with prejudice, that he is morally incapable of doing justice to Catholics. Like those men of whom the poet writes :

Some positive, persisting fops we know,
Who, if once wrong, will needs be always so,

Dr. Littledale has taken the wrong road, and travelled so far on it, that the task of setting him straight and getting him to retrace his steps is a well-nigh hopeless task. He has contracted, perhaps as the effect of the Protestant tradition on an ardent temperament, a deplorable twist in his being which neutralizes,

in spite of himself, all that love of fair play and open-handed dealing with his Catholic opponents, which as an English gentleman he would undoubtedly display in other matters and on other occasions, and which brings him down from his high pedestal to the low level of those fanatical writers, whose very ignorance is one of the most efficacious weapons of the enemies of the Church, because, as Pope has observed,

There's nothing blackens like the ink of fools.

But we wish we could think Dr. Littledale sinned only from what the old Irishwoman once called "*inconsavable*" ignorance. There is in the article under discussion an art in the management and a skill in the arrangement of the materials brought together, an obviously studied moderation in rehearsing the old calumnies, and an adroitness in slurring over or neutralizing by fresh insinuations their oft-repeated refutation, which make it impossible not to see, that together with some ignorance and much prejudice there is also mixed up a very appreciable element of malice. Whether or not, in particular, his friends have put him on his guard and warned him to be more measured and moderate, than is his wont in his treatment of subjects affecting the Catholic Church, or whether his own innate good sense and natural shrewdness have suggested that his case against us, so far from losing, would only gain by a show of moderation, certain it is that in the article entitled "Jesuits" in the last volume of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* there is an appearance of moderation, a studied forbearance one would hardly have expected from a writer so disingenuous as the author of the *Plain Reasons*—a forbearance, which will no doubt obtain for him a certain amount of credit with the more rational and sober-minded enemies of Catholicism, but which those, who are acquainted with the real character and true history of the Society, will certainly pronounce to be all the more artful on that very account, and infinitely more damaging to the cause of truth than the clumsy ravings, and frothy declamations, and empty rantings of Exeter Hall.

Not, however, that the apparent fairness and studied moderation amount, after all, to very much, as we shall presently see. The *animus* of the writer is not slow to display itself. But, first, as might have been expected, the Doctor is from the outset not a little inaccurate in his description of the organization and composition of the Society of Jesus, as a religious Order of the

Catholic Church. And here we may perhaps remark in passing that the article "Jesuits" in *Chambers' Encyclopædia* forms a pleasing contrast by its general accuracy, and, for a Protestant publication, admirable absence of bigotry, to its more pretentious fellow in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. Did Dr. Littledale get his information second-hand, or did he derive it at first-hand from a copy of the Institute itself? Where did he learn, for instance, that the officers of the Order are all taken from the professed, who, as he correctly states, form the core of the Society? They, it is true, and they only are eligible for the very highest offices, such as General, Assistant, and Provincial, but with these exceptions, not only are all the other high offices of the Society open to those, who have not bound themselves by the fourth vow of special obedience to the Pope, but it is an understood thing that, so far as possible, the Rectors of Colleges and Heads of Houses shall be taken by preference from the ranks of the latter class, rather than from those of the professed, in order that these may have all possible leisure for writing, preaching, teaching, and other functions of the sort falling within the scope of the Society.

It need scarcely be remarked, that a description of the nature and functions of the Order affords Dr. Littledale an opportunity for making the stock attack upon the vow of obedience which the Jesuit takes, and of giving us his own estimate of its morality. That obedience is not a virtue to find much favour in the eyes of a minister of the Establishment, which came into existence by rebellion and continues to live by the spirit of disobedience, is not a very startling phenomenon. But, we confess, we were not prepared for the serious indictment which was immediately to follow, nor for the striking contrast the writer was about to treat us to between the abject submissiveness of the Jesuit in theory and his outrageous disobedience to the very highest authority in practice. Having, then, expatiated in his own way and to his own entire satisfaction on the Jesuit's vow of obedience, and in particular on the fourth vow by which the professed specially bind themselves to the Pope, he proceeds to show how thoroughly independent the Order has been from first to last of all authority whatsoever, not excepting even that of the Sovereign Pontiff himself, and goes on to make the remarkable assertion that "such is the extraordinary skill with which the relations of the Society to the Papacy were originally drafted by Loyola and subsequently worked by his successors, that it has

always remained organically independent and might very conceivably break with Rome without imperilling its own existence." The General of the Society is in Dr. Littledale's eyes the captain of a splendid company of "Free Lances," and stands in the relation of a powerful feudatory to the Pope, with whom he chooses to take temporary and precarious service—a position, he adds triumphantly, which the shrewd Roman populace has long since recognized by styling these two great personages severally the "White Pope" and the "Black Pope." Is Dr. Littledale joking or doting thus to build up an argument on the drollery of a waggish people?

But this is not all. "The Society has never," if we are to believe Dr. Littledale, "from the very first obeyed the Pope, whenever his will and theirs happened to run counter to each other." St. Ignatius himself set the example by imploring the reigning Pontiff not to enforce injunctions likely to prove incompatible with the original plan of the Order, and his entreaties prevailed. If Dr. Littledale and his brother parsons never prove more refractory than this to their ecclesiastical superiors, the Anglican Establishment may yet live to see better days. The successors of St. Ignatius resisted Paul the Fourth, and Sixtus the Fifth, and Urban the Seventh, and Clement the Eighth, and Urban the Eighth, and Innocent the Eleventh, and Alexander the Eighth, and Clement the Twelfth. Nine Popes fruitlessly condemned the "Chinese rites." In the case of two of these Popes, Urban the Seventh, namely, and Clement the Eighth, Dr. Littledale is not ashamed slyly to insinuate, that there may be grounds for the popular belief that we put something a little stronger than milk in their tea to get rid of them and sweep them from our path. And lest, O my poor dear benighted friend of the Society of Jesus, whoever you be, you should still flatter yourself that at least in the suppression of the Society, and in that most heroic act of blindest obedience by which twenty-two thousand men gave up their noble vocation, and died loyal and uncomplaining to the last, you have at length found a sufficient answer to the cruel slanders of your revilers, let me advise you, once for all, to open your eyes to the truth and believe me, when I tell you, on the authority of Dr. Littledale himself, that you and your brethren who think with you, have been most woefully mistaken, because, as he says, they disobeyed even the Brief of Suppression issued by Clement the Fourteenth in 1773, which enjoined them to disperse, to send back all novices to their

houses, and to receive no more members. This statement, novel as it is startling, is founded, presumably, on the fact that a small remnant continued to live on as heretofore, under the protection of Catherine the Second of Russia, with the approbation, and not in open defiance, as Dr. Littledale would have us believe, of the Pope, whose Bulls he makes the Fathers declare are not binding in a state in which the Sovereign has not first approved and authorized their publication and execution. *Mais, mon Dieu*, we feel tempted to exclaim as Voltaire is reported to have said of the accusations trumped up by Pascal against the Society, *tout ceci, c'est trop bête*.

It is difficult to know how a Jesuit is to shape his course so as to steer clear of all the manifold shoals and reefs by which his path is beset. What is he to do in order, we will not say to find favour in the eyes of the world—that, however desirable, is not feasible—but to pass muster in its eyes as an averagely decent Christian man at all? The witness men bear against him is as various and contradictory as was the testimony of those men, who swore away the sacred character of our Blessed Redeemer Himself, of which the Evangelist tells us that “their testimony did not agree.” To some men, on the one hand, it is our obedience to the Pope which makes the great objection they have to us, and so when a bill is passed in Parliament for the relief of Catholics from civil disabilities, the Jesuit, as the very quintessence of Popery, must be excluded from the benefit, because he at least, whatever may be thought of Catholics in general, is by reason of his vow of obedience incapable of rendering the necessary submission to the civil power. To others, Dr. Littledale, for example, on the other hand, it is immaterial whether we have taken a solemn oath of absolute allegiance to the Pope, or not, because, if we have, we have never kept it, but in practice have been always sovereignly independent of him, and have in every case, where his and our wills happened to clash, carried the day against him. From this it will be apparent, that whilst most of our opponents are content to give one another the lie, one set, as the Jansenists, asserting that in our moral theology we are excessively lax, and another, represented by Gioberti, affirming with equal assurance, that we are beyond measure rigorous, Dr. Littledale carries the accomplishment to the length of flatly contradicting himself, since in one and the same breath he holds up to reprobation both the slavishness of our obedience and the openness of our rebellion. But if in

spite of solemn vows, we will not submit ourselves, we at least take good care that all the world besides shall wear the fetters and carry the yoke we have shaken off from our own necks and limbs, because, as Dr. Littledale calmly assures us with a magnificent wave of his Pecksniffian hand, "it is a matter of familiar knowledge" how in the Pontificate of our late Holy Father, we contrived, by filling every See in Christendom with creatures of our own, to secure the triumph of Ultramontaniam, and to extinguish the last smouldering embers of freedom and independence throughout the world.

A word has been said about the studied moderation with which Dr. Littledale approaches his subject, a moderation, which may even appear so great in the eyes of those, who have been accustomed to take upon trust and to believe without questioning the grossest slanders uttered time out of mind against the Society, that they will very likely wonder what there is in this article to fan our wrath to a white heat of righteous indignation. We will, therefore, copy out a passage, which we take leave to consider a very fair specimen of the kind of forbearance exercised by Dr. Littledale towards the Society, of which he pretends to give an accurate account, and in doing so we beg first to call the reader's attention to the art with which, by a few dexterous strokes of his ready pen, he has contrived to string together some of the very gravest charges ever brought against the Order, not, it need scarcely be said, to acquit it of all guilt in the matter—his magnanimity never goes beyond the Scotch verdict of acquittal "Not proven"—but whilst appearing to discredit some few of them to make them serve as a peg, whereon to hang fresh and equally infamous and absurd accusations, which he professes to think have been clearly established.

There has been from an early date in their annals a strong conviction prevalent, that the famous motto of the Society A.M.D.G. (*Ad maiorem Dei gloriam*) did not adequately represent its policy and motives, that its first and last aim was its own aggrandizement in power and wealth (for Julius the Second had dispensed the General from the vow of poverty and the colleges also were allowed to hold property.

If the General was dispensed by the Pope, who certainly has the power to dispense from a vow of poverty, and if the colleges had his high sanction to hold property, how, we might fairly ask, were they one whit more wicked than their neighbours in trying to put a little money in their pockets? But this is no

doubt an irrelevant and impertinent interruption, so we will allow the Doctor to resume the black catalogue of iniquity :

And that it spared no efforts to compass this end, even to the extent of embroiling cabinets, concocting conspiracies, kindling wars, and procuring assassinations. In several of these cases, notably as regards the charges which led to their first expulsion from France and Portugal, inclusive in the latter instance of their exile from Paraguay, the Jesuits are able to make one very telling reply, pleading that motives of statecraft alone, of an unworthy kind, and the evidence of untrustworthy and disreputable agents of their enemies were suffered to decide the matter.

At this point the reader may perhaps imagine that the Jesuit is for once about to get off scot free. Nothing of the kind. Here ends, with all its many limitations, Dr. Littledale's moderation. His forbearance has run itself out of breath ; enter, as the play books say, a great big "but."

But [the italics are ours], when full allowance has been made for such rejoinders, there remain several counts of indictment, which are but too clearly made out, as for instance, their large share as preachers in fanning the polemical hatred against the Huguenots, under the last two Valois Kings ; their complicity in the plots against the life of Queen Elizabeth which followed on her excommunication by Pius the Fifth ; their responsibility for kindling the Thirty Years' War ; the part they took in prompting and directing the cruelties which marked the overthrow of Protestantism in Bohemia ; their decisive influence in causing the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and the expulsion of the Huguenots from the French Dominions ; and their accountability for precipitating the Franco-German War in 1870.

Exceedingly heavy as is this lengthy, but somewhat rhetorical, bill of indictment, the charges it contains are, one alone excepted, all old familiar friends. With a single exception, they have been culled from the repertory of calumny, as systematic as it is unprincipled, by which the Jansenists and Voltairians of old strove to blacken the character of the Society, and by which the enemies of God and His Church of to-day, walking in their footsteps and repeating the slander, still labour at the same task, for the overthrow of all religious belief and all social order. But it was reserved for the keen eye and penetrating mind and candid soul of Dr. Littledale to make the novel, striking, and original discovery, that those mischief-making vermin, the Jesuits, are accountable for the Franco-German War. This childish charge, childish and silly, as it is

insulting to the readers of the *Encyclopædia*, and dishonouring to us, because in the same breath in which he pronounces the Jesuits to be knaves he assumes that his readers are fools, forms one of the few claims Dr. Littledale can lay to original slander in the whole of his article on the Society, and few certainly will be disposed to grudge him a particle of the honour he may reap from the astounding discovery his deep research has led him to make. For our part, we are positively grateful to him for the means he has thus given us of increasing our knowledge of our wicked selves. What a leap this, from the expulsion of the Huguenots from France to the Franco-German War in 1870! May we take it, then, that in the interval these naughty Jesuits, after holding out so long untired in iniquity, did, for a space at least, stay their hand from evil-doing, or is the astounding climax, on the contrary, only intended by Dr. Littledale to demonstrate to the world our persistent obstinacy in wickedness, and to show that, even when history so-called is silent about us, it may safely be presumed we are ever silently and patiently brewing a mischief against God and man, which, when the right moment is come, shall reap its fruit in havoc and desolation?

But whatever thy intentions, and who shall presume to fathom them?—I thank thee, good Dr. Littledale, thou learned, upright judge, thou very Daniel come to judgment, I thank thee for teaching me this interesting fact. I did not know it; I had never heard or read of it. And yet, methinks, thou hast in this a trifle overshot the mark. Thou hast, good easy man, been playing, as we used to play, you and I, in childhood, at the building up of little houses with a pack of cards, and, as of yore it was the last card which wrought the mischief, so too, to-day, it is this last trump card of thine, which brings, alas, thy fine tall edifice of calumny to the ground. Go to, friend Littledale, thou art a man too guileless to run in harness with rogues, like Voltaire, Diderot, and D'Alembert. Be advised by me and leave them to do their dirty work alone, and, who knows? they may succeed; but if thou meddle, thou wilt muddle; if thou put in thy clumsy oar, thou wilt surely capsize the boat.

We have said that the moderation and the magnanimity of Dr. Littledale in our regard seldom, if ever, reach beyond the, to a consciously innocent man, very unsatisfactory verdict of "Not proven." This is notably the case with respect to the famous, or, we should say, the notorious *Monita Secreta*, and

the charge brought against us of having poisoned Pope Clement the Fourteenth. The *Monita Secreta* is described correctly enough as a work by an ex-Jesuit, full of suggestions for extending the influence of the Jesuits in various ways, for securing a footing in fresh places, for acquiring wealth, and so forth, all marked with ambition, craft, and unscrupulousness. After noticing, in passing, that it was declared to be a forgery by a Congregation of Cardinals appointed to examine the work, the Doctor proceeds at once to betray a certain reluctance to accept their decision as a final settlement of the question. Here are the words in which he records his verdict of "Not proven."

The truth seems to be that although both caricature and libel, it was drafted by a shrewd and keen observer [the shrewd and keen observer, be it remembered, was a deserter], who, seeing what the Fathers actually did, travelled analytically backwards to find how they did it, and on what methodical system, conjecturally reconstructing the process and probably coming very near to the mark in not a few details.

"Travelling analytically backwards" would seem to have been the mode of progression, and the "conjecturally reconstructive process" to have been the method of ratiocination adopted and followed throughout his article by Dr. Littledale himself.

The other instance we mentioned of Dr. Littledale's fairness to the Society is to be found in his account of the death of Clement the Fourteenth. We will leave the Doctor to speak for himself.

In September, 1774, Clement the Fourteenth died, after much suffering, and the question has been hotly debated ever since [pardon me, Dr. Littledale, only amongst the wilfully credulous], whether poison administered by the Jesuits was the cause of his death. It is impossible to decide the doubt, as the opinions and evidence on each side are nearly balanced. On the one hand, Salicetti, the Pope's physician, denied that the body showed signs of poisoning, and Tanucci, Neapolitan Ambassador of Rome, who had a large share in procuring the Brief of Suppression, entirely acquits the Jesuits, while F. Teiner (*sic*), no friend to the Company, does the like. On the other hand, Scipio de' Ricci, Bishop of Pistoia, nephew and heir of the unfortunate General, distinctly charges the Jesuits with the crime, as also does Cardinal de Bernis; and the report by the Spanish Minister to the Court of Madrid contains the noteworthy fact that the date of the Pope's death was predicted beforehand, notably in a statement made by the Vicar-General of Padua to the Secretary of the Congregation for Jesuit affairs, that several members of the Company, believing him to be one of their friends, told him that the Pope would die before the end of September.

This is Dr. Littledale's specimen of nearly-balanced evidence. If F. Theiner fails to make out a case against us in the matter, Dr. Littledale's nasty inuendoes will certainly not do more than leave a disagreeable impression behind them. As for the testimony of Cardinal de Bernis, as well might Dr. Littledale pretend to strengthen his case by quoting Béranger's ribald and profane lines :

Un Pape nous abolit,
Il mourut dans les coliques ;
Un Pape nous rétablit,
Nous en faisons des reliques,—

as invoke the word of one, who though a Prince of the Church, owed his dignity to the secret favour of Madame de Pompadour, was a dissipated courtier, an ambitious statesman, an intriguing diplomatist, a tool of the unprincipled Choiseul (who paid his debts to secure his services), in a word, an unscrupulous enemy sworn to compass the destruction of the Society of Jesus.

From what has been already said it is sufficiently clear, we think, that (whether consciously or unconsciously, whether of malice aforethought or by the mere force of natural genius, it does not much signify), Dr. Littledale affects something of that style of which the late Lord Macaulay was so great a master. It is a dangerous thing to be much lauded by a man addicted to that powerful figure of rhetoric known as "antithesis," because the exigencies of this style require that if you be lifted up very high, you must also presently be brought down very low. As, therefore, with Lord Macaulay, so too with Dr. Littledale, the Jesuit is put, metaphorically speaking, astride of a plank to play at see-saw, and behold, here he goes up, and here he comes down. If Lord Macaulay raises his man to heaven, be sure it is only to drag him down to hell again by a tremendously antithetical "but." In the present case, however, there is this comfort, that although Dr. Littledale is quite as fond of that neat little adversative particle as his great exemplar, still as in power of writing he stands to Macaulay only in the relation of a pigmy to a giant, even if in unscrupulousness he is second to none, the Jesuit never comes what in vulgar parlance is termed a very bad "cropper," for the simple reason that he is never taken up to a very break-neck elevation.

Our limited space, to say nothing of modesty, forbids us to repeat all the great and glorious things, which, in his uplifting of us to the skies preparatory to dropping us down

again with a thump and a thwack to the ground, Dr. Littledale's glowing pen has kindly condescended to write of the Society. We have room only for the concluding sentences.

It is in the mission-field, however, that their achievements have been most remarkable, which might fairly justify their taking as their motto :

Quæ regio in terris nostri non plena laboris?

Whether toiling amongst the teeming millions of Hindustan and China, labouring amongst the Hurons and Iroquois of North America, governing and civilizing the natives of Brazil and Paraguay, in the missions and "reductions," or ministering, at the hourly risk of his life, to his co-religionists in England under Elizabeth and James the First, the Jesuit appears alike devoted, indefatigable, cheerful, and worthy of hearty admiration and respect.

Here, you observe, we are written up, but only to be immediately written down again, as thus :

Nevertheless, two most startling and indisputable facts meet the student who pursues the history of this unique Society. The first is the universal suspicion and hostility it has incurred—not, as might reasonably be expected, from those Protestants whose avowed and most successful foe it has been, nor yet from the enemies of all clericalism and religious dogma, to whom it is naturally the embodiment of all they most detest, but from every Catholic state and nation in the world, with perhaps the insignificant exception of Belgium. Next is the brand of ultimate failure, which has invariably been stamped on all its most promising schemes and efforts.

Well, in the first place, Dr. Littledale, if we are really the failure you describe us, what in the world is the need of raising so much dust and making such a pother about so little ; why not let us alone, that we may with our commission from the Holy See, and according to the measure of God's grace vouchsafed to us, do our little best, even if we fail, to secure success in the work of saving souls ? But let that pass. Our works are before the world, and whether we are the God-forsaken men you would have it believe us to be or not, the world is in a position to decide for itself, without the need of your superior enlightenment to guide it to a correct judgment in the matter. But you say, that we are hated of all Catholic States, "with perhaps the insignificant exception of Belgium." Pray do not except even Belgium. Throw her in with the rest ; she, we freely concede you the point, is as hostile to us as the rest ; she, like the rest

of them, looks upon us as the embodiment of all she most detests, and hates us, accordingly, quite as heartily as the most fervid and fanatical of Protestant States.

Now what your so-called Catholic states and nations most detested in the last century, when we were through their machinations suppressed, and what they most detest in our own age, in which we have either actually suffered, or are in hourly imminent danger of suffering exile from each and all of them, is precisely the Catholic Church. Therefore, by your own confessing, bad as we are, we are the very embodiment of the Catholic spirit; by your own admission and on your own showing, we are before and above all else Catholic to the core. So your argument, you see, Dr. Littledale, tells not against us, but against those to whom you point triumphantly as our deadliest foes. Your statement against the Governments you are pleased to call Catholic—for it is not the nations but their rulers who detest us (and where in all the world will you find a Government to-day which may fairly be called a Catholic, I had almost said a Christian, Government?)—against these, I say, your statement is a most telling argument, and places them very much in the predicament of the familiar cow, about which, when asked before a Committee of the House of Commons, whether it would not be very awkward if an animal of the kind got in the way of a train, Stephenson is said to have replied, that it would certainly be “deadly awkward—for *the coo*.”

Of the “two most startling and indisputable facts,” then, so confidently alleged to be such by Dr. Littledale, our comparative failure, and our general unpopularity with both Catholics and Protestants, the latter fact, whatever may be thought of the former, is neither indisputable, nor startling, if indisputable. It would not be very surprising, if, to speak first of Catholics, when the atmosphere they breathe in Catholic no less than in Protestant countries has been thoroughly vitiated by a teeming life of calumny against the Society, bred, quickened, and propagated by pens venomous as Dr. Littledale’s, some suspicion and distrust of us crept at times, with all the subtlety of blood-poisoning by infectious fever, into the being even of good and fervent Catholics. But take the matter at its worst, and put the case as strongly as you will, to what does it amount more than a fresh realization of our Blessed Redeemer’s prediction, fulfilled first in His own instance, Who was betrayed by one Apostle, denied by another, and forsaken by all, to the effect that His

disciples should be hated by *all* men for His Name's sake, and that, consequently, they should be betrayed by "parents, and brethren, and kinsmen, and friends?" If it is true, that the Jesuits have been and are still detested by their own kith and kin in the household of the Faith, then is it also true that they have been honoured with a share in that, which must have been one of the keenest mental sufferings and humiliations endured by their Divine Master in His Passion, to Whom it was said as He stood before the Roman Governor: "Thy own nation and the chief Priests have delivered Thee to me: what hast Thou done?" (John xviii. 35.) But it is not true, that the Society of Jesus is an object of suspicion and dislike except, perhaps, to those Catholics whose minds have been poisoned or prejudiced against it, because good Catholics are the very last men in the world consciously to oppose an institution founded by the Church and approved by successive Popes, and, usurping the functions of the Vicar of Christ, deliberately to sit, as Dr. Littledale sits, in judgment upon an entire religious Order and to condemn it.

The fact then of our general unpopularity would not be very startling, even if it were indisputable; but neither is it indisputable, since we find even outside the pale of the Catholic Church men great as Grotius, Leibnitz, and Bacon, and rulers famous as Frederick of Prussia and Catherine of Russia, numbered by Protestant writers themselves amongst the friends and admirers of the Society; and Dr. Johnson, in particular, so far from crowing, as Dr. Littledale seems to crow, over what he is pleased to call the failure of the Society, had the wit to see and the heart to deplore in its suppression "a blow to the general power of the Church, likely to be followed by many dangerous innovations, which might, at length, become fatal to religion and shake even the foundations of Christianity itself." The bitter hatred, the open hostility, and the unrelenting persecution of infidel governments, such as those represented by Choiseul, Pombal, D'Aranda, and Tanucci, in countries Catholic as France, Portugal, Spain, and Naples, we have incurred and shall yet incur, because those enemies of the Church and all who, like them, have no thought but for the defeat of the Papacy, the overthrow of Christ, and the dethronement of God from the human heart, meet no more strenuous and indefatigable opponents than the men, who, with the Holy Name of Jesus blazoned on their banners, make it the one object of their

existence to live for Christ, and fight for His Vicar, and work for the greater glory of God. And depend upon it, Dr. Littledale, that so long as, by God's mercy, we are true to ourselves, and faithful to that Institute of ours, which you condemn and revile, but which has been commended by a Council of the Church, approved by a score of Popes, blessed, favoured, and protected by the Catholic episcopate throughout the world, we shall, whilst still incurring the hatred of rulers despotic as Bismarck or fanatical as Gambetta, and the spite of Protestant controversialists fair and equitable as yourself, continue to enjoy the favour of the Vicar of Jesus Christ, the esteem of the Episcopate, the confidence of the clergy, and the love of the laity of the Catholic Church.

But it is time to make an end of this paper, and to dismiss Dr. Littledale from our thoughts, who, if he has not contributed much that is strikingly new to the black list of crimes long since laid at our door, and long since repeatedly refuted as we could not possibly pretend to refute them in so few pages, has at all events once again made it abundantly clear that he is Protestant to the back-bone, the worthy son of a great and glorious mother, the Established Church of England. He has inherited that mother's temper, and imbibed from infancy her spirit so thoroughly that, with the single change of one little word, we might not inappropriately affirm of him what Shakespere makes the Duke of Gloucester say of his little nephew, the Duke of York :

O 'tis a parlous boy ;
Bold, quick, ingenious, forward, capable,
He's all the mother's from the top to the toe.

It is not, therefore, wonderful, and he must not be held altogether responsible if, with the example of such a mother always before his eyes, and walking in her footsteps who, as often as the character of the Catholic Church is at stake, sees sufficient reason to dispense herself from the observance of God's precept to us, not to bear false witness against our neighbour, Dr. Littledale even betters her instruction and systematically reviles what he cannot, or will not even try to, understand. So whenever in future, indulging that rash humour which his mother gave him, Dr. Littledale grows over-earnest with Catholics and Catholic institutions, we will not heed his waspish tongue, but

Think his mother chides, and leave him so.

WILLIAM LOUGHNAN.

English Relics.

THE DOWNSIDE AND STANBROOK RELICS OF THE PASSION.

THE late Reverend Daniel Haigh, of Erdington, left a very full paper concerning the relic of the Holy Cross at St. Mary's Convent, York, which has been since worked up in the Convent Annals. To these Annals I am indebted for what I have already placed before the reader respecting the Patriarch of Jerusalem by whom the relic was given. They are not less full in their examination of the other half of the story, that is to say, who the Shirley was to whom the patriarch gave it. I must candidly confess, however, that the result of this ingenious and elaborate investigation seems to me to be too conjectural for admission here at length. It may be sufficient for me to say that there was one Robert, an English knight, the companion of Duke Robert of Normandy in the Crusade, who was taken prisoner by the Saracens when cutting his way through their ranks at the siege of Rama, and was shot to death by arrows for refusing to deny the Christian faith. Roger, the son of this Robert, is believed to be the esquire to whom the relic was given by the Patriarch Arnulph; and these crusaders are found to be so closely associated with the ancestor of the Shirley family, as to lead to the belief that they were kinsmen, and in fact the relatives whose valour gave to Sir Thomas Shirley, in Edward the Third's time, the right to a Saracen's head for a crest. As further evidence is not forthcoming, we must be content with the words of the inscription on the reliquary which say that the patriarch gave the relic to an esquire of the name of Shirley, who "bequeathed it as a most precious treasure to his family." I pass now to some other great English relics.

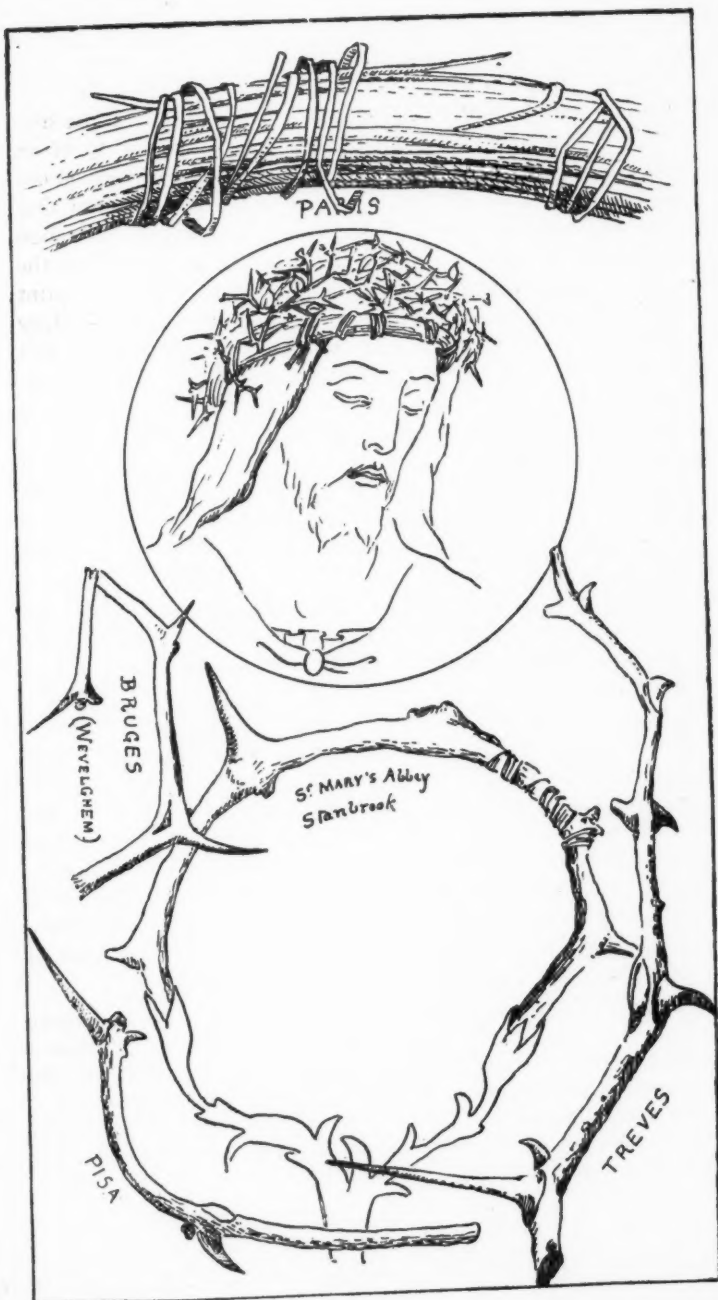
Two exceedingly large and very interesting relics of the Passion are in the possession of two great English Benedictine monasteries. St. Gregory's, Downside, possesses the relic of the Holy Cross, of which M. Rohault de Fleury gives a sketch,

showing it to have the largest surface of any relic of the true Cross in England. It is four inches long by about $\frac{3}{4}$ of an inch in width. The same author mentions the very grand relic of the Crown of Thorns, preserved at the Abbey of Our Lady of Consolation at Stanbrook, and as he gives no illustration of it, I have availed myself of a sketch kindly sent to me by the Lady Abbess, placing beside it in the accompanying print copies of M. de Fleury's sketches of the chief relics of the Holy Crown, in order to show how nearly it resembles those well known relics in character, and how worthy it is to take its place among them. The lower portion in the print is the golden socket made to hold the relic, but the relic itself is easily distinguishable from the socket by being shaded. The relics of Pisa, Treves, Wevelghem, and Stanbrook are all drawn the real size, and so is the little portion that is given in the top of the print of the band of rushes, which was formerly in the Sainte Chapelle, and is now in Notre Dame, at Paris. The Head of our Lord is reduced from the striking frontispiece of M. Rohault de Fleury's work, and it is intended to show what the true form must have been of the Crown of Thorns to which these various relics belonged.

The two relics, that of the Holy Cross at Downside and that of the Crown of Thorns at Stanbrook, may well be spoken of together, not merely because they are treasured by two Benedictine houses, but because they have a common history. I am indebted to Dom Gilbert Dolan, of Downside, for the following extract from Dom Bennet Weldon's larger history (vol. i. p. 418). It is in his notice of Dom Anselm Crowther, who was clothed in 1609, was professed in 1611, and died in 1666 in the Old Bailey in London, after having been for many years Provincial of Canterbury of the Anglo-Benedictine Congregation.

He was singularly devoted to the Blessed Virgin Mary, to whose honour he erected the chapel of the Rosary in London, having obtained letters patent to that end from Baptista Marina, General of the Dominicans, and a privilege for his Altar of Our Blessed Lady of Power from Pope Innocent the Tenth. Many great persons of the first quality of the realm engaged in this powerful devotion and powerfully maintained it, cultivating it with gorgeous riches, to which our Fathers added greater, viz. :

A most gloriously and wonderfully exquisite Relick of the Crown of Thorns of our Saviour kept in Catholic times in the most flourishing monastery of Glastonbury, the burying-place of the noble Decurio S. Joseph of Arimathea, who had the blessing of entombing our Lord.



2ndly. A curious piece of the most Holy Cross, which came from the most renowned and worthy John Feckenham, last Abbot of the Royal Abbey of Westminster, who being Clerk of the Chapel to Queen Mary of most glorious and holy memory, and seeing what shame was like to betide the Realm under Queen Bess, whose impiety immediately succeeded the piety of Queen Mary, that so great a Relick might not lie like Pearl before swine, he took it away, and now it became the Veneration of this Rosary Sodality, to which Robert, Earl of Cardigan was Prefect. But in time of Oates' Villany and Sham-Plot, our Fathers were forced to burn the Register Book, that so many illustrious persons might not come to suffer upon being there, if the said book had fallen into the power of those times of falsehood and perjury.

From this passage of the Benedictine historian we learn the singularly interesting pedigree of these two great relics, that the Holy Thorn belonged to Glastonbury, and the Wood of the true Cross to the Chapel Royal of Queen Mary Tudor, whence it was taken by no less a man than the Confessor Abbot Feckenham. It is not known how the Holy Cross passed from good Abbot Feckenham to the Anglo-Benedictines. Their sole point of union with the monks of Westminster was through Dom Sigebert Buckley, and there is no mention of his having received any relics from Abbot Feckenham.

Father Dolan has drawn my attention to the following extract from *Panzani's Memoirs*, thinking it possible that the Abbot of Westminster may have had the relic taken from him in the Tower of London, during one of the two imprisonments he there underwent in Queen Elizabeth's reign.

A small piece of the Cross on which our Saviour suffered was said to be found in the Tower of London, where it had lain concealed many years. Some of the King's [Charles the First] servants took care to have it placed in a kind of box, on which they had bestowed some pains in the workmanship. Their design was to have it exposed among other curiosities. The Queen being informed of it, appeared very much concerned that so remarkable a relic should not be distinguished, but lodged among vulgar rarities. Wherefore, acquainting the King with it, she desired it might be delivered to her. Her design was to place it in her chapel in Somerset House. Neither was the King pleased when he understood how his servants were going to dispose of it; and at the same time told the Queen that no one had a greater value for things of that nature than himself, so he would take care that it should neither be an object of derision nor of curiosity.

Panzani, it is plain, had not seen the relic he is here speaking of, so that we need not lay any stress on his calling it "a small

piece of the Cross." If this phrase be not taken literally, there is little reason to doubt that the "King's servants" here spoken of were the Tradescants, and the relic itself the grand "piece of the stump of the Cross of our Saviour," which was lost with Queen Henrietta Maria's chapel in February, 164 $\frac{1}{2}$.

The Chapel Royal in Somerset House was served by Benedictines and Capuchins, and was consecrated December 23, 1635. In 1661 Charles the Second restored it, and the Benedictines were again called to serve it—six priests and two lay-brothers being appointed for the purpose. There is a curious mention of this chapel in Pepys' Diary, January 23, 166 $\frac{6}{7}$.

Away, and my Lord [Brouncker] and I walking into the Park, I did observe the new buildings: and my Lord, seeing I had a desire to see them, they being the place for the priests and fryers, he took me back to my Lord Almoner; and he took us quite through the whole house and chapel and the new monastery, showing me most excellent pieces in waxworke: a crucifix given by a Pope to Mary Queen of Scots, where a piece of the Cross is, two bits set in the manner of a cross in the foot of the crucifix; several fine pictures, but especially very good prints of holy pictures.

Here again it is clear that the relic mentioned is not that which once belonged to Abbot Feckenham. The latter has not been cut into the form of a cross as has usually been done with relics of the true Cross. We are left without information how the Downside relic passed from Abbot Feckenham's keeping to that of the confraternity of Our Lady of Power. As however Dom Bennet Weldon says that "our Fathers" gave it the relics which were its greatest treasures, we may well conclude that the Benedictine Fathers have always been its guardians.

The way in which the relic at Downside and that at Stanbrook were preserved is very interesting. We have seen that in the time of Oates' Plot, the Confraternity Register was destroyed, lest if it fell into bad hands those persons might be compromised whose names appeared in it. Probably at the same time the great relics were sent away to a place of security. The place of concealment chosen was the vault under Langdale's distillery, and there they remained undisturbed even when the distillery was sacked and burned in the Lord George Gordon Riots. A locked box which nobody claimed was opened in 1822, and in it was found a paper saying: "This belongs to the South Province," that is to say, to the Southern or Canterbury Province of the Anglo-Benedictine congregation. As the

Mr. Langdale of that day, who opened the box, was acquainted with some of the Benedictine Fathers, he handed the box and its contents over to them. Besides some vestments it contained a monstrance with the inscription, "The gift of Mrs. Anne Hall to Our Blessed Lady of Power," and the two great relics of the Holy Cross and of the Crown of Thorns. The treasure thus happily found was given by Mr. Langdale to Dom Anselm Lorymer, who resided in London as Procurator; and apparently when Abbot Dunstan Scott succeeded him in that office in 1825, the monstrance above mentioned and the relic of the Holy Cross were moved to St. Gregory's, Downside.

The other relic which was part of this splendid treasure-trove, that of the Holy Thorn, was taken to St. Mary's Abbey, Stanbrook, by Abbot Dunstan Scott on June 19, 1847. It is in a reliquary that bears the following inscription: "The gift of Mr. Augustine Stocker to the Ladye of Power." The reliquary stands 16½ inches high, in the form of a monstrance. The upper part that surrounds the relic is of gold, in the form of a crown of thorns, closely platted. The stem and stand are of old silver, gilt, with four subjects wrought in the stand, the Crucifixion, the crowning with Thorns, the Veronica, and our Lord as a child walking between His Blessed Mother and St. Joseph.

What is known of the previous history of the Holy Thorn may be gathered from the following passage of Dom Bennet Weldon's "Chronological Notes."

In August (the 21st) [1657] died Father Peter Warnford, who being a secular in the mission, received the holy habit in England; and together with himself bequeathed to us, says Rev. F. Sadler, that inestimable relic of the Holy Thorn, which is now carefully kept by the Dean of the Rosary in London. This relic belonged to the famous abbey of Glastonbury before the suppression of Catholic religion in England. In the Parliamentary Rebellion some papers of affairs regarding the Secular Catholic Clergy of England were taken, and printed at London anno 1643, where, in a letter to the Bishop of Chalcedon, are these words: "I must not omit to certify your lordship that I have inserted Mr. Peter Warnford's name amongst those who are suggested here to be made canons; and I should humbly desire he may be made such for one main reason above others, that I have a probable hope hereby to secure the Chapter of the Holy Thorn after his decease; and that is a jewel which I am sure your lordship values at a high rate, as do all others that know thereof."

¹ Printed at the Abbey at Stanbrook, 1881, p. 193.

Of the relics of the great abbey of Glastonbury there is, as far as I am aware, no list extant. Henry the Eighth's commissioners give an account of the relics of many of the abbeys they despoiled, but of Glastonbury they could not say much because the Abbot, two of the monks, and two clerks of the vestry, did their best to save the treasures of the Church from sacrilege, and the Abbot, Richard Whiting, and the two monks, John Thorne and Roger James, were put to death for having done so. The commissioners wrote² to Cromwell, the King's Vicar-General, on September 28, 1539: "We have found the two treasurers of the church, monks, with two clerks of the vestry, temporal men, in so arrant and manifest a robbery, that we have committed the same to gaol." The martyrdom of the Abbot and two monks took place on Tor Hill, Glastonbury, on the 15th of November in that year. There are no relics, consequently, that are so likely to have been handed down amongst Catholics as those of Glastonbury. A curious instance is reported by Father William Weston in his autobiography,³ and that also was a relic of the Passion. He is speaking of the year 1586, when Glastonbury had been suppressed and its Abbot martyred forty-seven years.

In my travels, amongst other friends I came as a guest to the house of a Catholic man who was very old, a white-haired octogenarian. He had lived before the suppression and the destruction of the religious houses in the reign of Henry the Eighth, and had been servant, or had filled some office in the monastery of Glastonbury. In the overthrow of that house and church, when all the most sacred vessels of religion, and those things which should be the most kept from the profane, were being handled by sacrilegious fingers, among other things which he was able to seize and save as if from a conflagration, was a certain cross held sacred and venerable, not so much on account of its material, albeit adorned with gold and precious gems, as for the sake of the holy relics of saints which were enclosed within it. Above all, there was one of the nails with which the Body of our Lord was fastened to the Cross. It was the general report and opinion that this had been brought into England by St. Joseph of Arimathea and his companions, and had been handed down as an inheritance by perpetual succession from age to age till it became considered as the settled property of the monastery at Glastonbury, where there was also a tradition that the body of the same St. Joseph, having been conveyed thither, had lain for some centuries, kept with the utmost veneration. Thus this nail came into

² *Suppression of Monasteries*, Camden Society, 1843, p. 257.

³ *Troubles of our Catholic Forefathers*, Second Series, 1875, p. 190.

the hands of the old man, and was kept by him, as may be imagined, with great devotion. The matter came in course of time to the hearing of Bishop Jewel, who held the see of Salisbury [from 1559 to 1571], he obtained the needful authority from the Crown, and by an act of exceeding injustice, took it away by force. What use he afterwards made of it, or where he placed it, is not known. I was unable therefore to see the nail itself, but the old man showed me the case, made of wood, in which it had been laid, and by reason of the softness of the material there still remained in the case an impression of the form of the nail wrought in the wood, and in that manner preserved. So far as I could conjecture, it must have been about a foot long; and in the upper part was of the thickness of a finger. The head was not, I believe, broad; lower down, however, it was wider than in the remaining part, and tapering by degrees to the end, which was marked out with four or five corners.

1794: *A Tale of the Terror.*

PART III.—PARIS IN MESSIDOR.

CHAPTER IV.

LISE AND EMILIE.

SUDDENLY, and in the midst of her misery, Lise's lips, so sadly paler than of yore, parted in a smile. She beheld Paul Crassus himself, in his best uniform, pacing up and down before the garden front of the house with a lordly air. The base and insolent faces of the two *sans-culottes* were framed in the embrasure of an open window, and it was the expression of those faces that had provoked a fugitive smile from the poor Little Nightingale. It was so eloquent of cowardly fury, and each of them was so evidently endeavouring in vain to incite the other to attack the vile representative of impure militarism, that Lise was irresistibly reminded of two curs, retreating, with their tails between their legs and growling prudently, before a good-humoured big dog who is coming towards their bone without even looking at them.

"Ah, Cousin Lise," cried Paul, "here you are! I have been beguiling the time while waiting for you by displaying the beauties of my newest costume to these citizens. Its splendour has inspired them with a desire to know who I am, in order that they may go to the Section, and bring back a hundred or so of brave fellows of their own kind to admire me, pike in hand. I do not want to be admired any more," he continued, turning to the two sectionaries with a frown which made them draw in their heads with ludicrous abruptness, "but I have no objection to gratify their curiosity. I am Paul Crassus, nephew of Crassus the good Montagnard. Such are my principles; now for my trade. I am a lieutenant in the Grenadier-Gendarmes of the Convention, a company much renowned for its patriotism and for its susceptibility on that point. Citizens, if you will do me

the favour to accompany me to our barracks in the Rue de l'Échelle, I will show you a wreath entirely composed of ears cut off the heads of sectionaries who had the imprudence to meddle in the affairs of the grenadier-gendarmes. Now you are fully informed ; and if you happen to have between you any ears to spare, and would like to see them figure in our museum, you may go and entertain the Revolutionary Committee of the Bonnet-Rouge with a list of the numerous attractions of Paul Crassus. Cousin Lise, I want to speak to you."

The Little Nightingale took his hand and led him towards the end of the garden.

"This is the only place in which I have any liberty."

"Under the trees, eh? The scoundrels! They are bringing back savagery in France; they already force you to leave your house and live in the woods. But I have done with laughter, *that* is all over. In the first place, sweet Lise, let me swear to you upon my honour that I am not the least in love with you. Sometimes formerly I have thought of such a thing, but *that* is all over. To begin with, I am too contemptible and too much debased to dare henceforth to love anybody. Yes," he continued, stamping on the ground with sudden fury, and turning on Lise eyes in which angry tears were glittering, "those cowards have made me as cowardly as themselves. Oh! this filthy, base, ignoble Terror!" he muttered, grinding his teeth. "Yes, pardon me, my poor cousin! Do you know what I have done? Do you know why I have not come to see you for these three days past—you, poor child, forsaken by all, persecuted by all, and so brave, so charming? Well, I will tell you: it was because I was afraid of compromising myself, of being accused of visiting 'suspects.' Is not this the very depth of shame?"

He struck himself with his clenched fists in his passion, and made a step or two in the direction of the *sans-culottes*, then returned.

"I was thinking of going to those two villains, and letting them bully me; but that would be too much. This morning, then, I cried shame on myself, I felt too much degraded to live. But I see clearly that this vile, shameless democracy which governs us is leading all France insensibly into the abyss of cowardice. When the brave men who are fighting at the frontier shall be dead, there will remain only a vile multitude of spies, denunciators, gossips, thieves, and fools. By Jove, Lise, I have recoiled in earnest from my own cowardice. I

began by turning Domingo out of our house, and degrading him from the ranks, calling him a base spy. By this I shall have exasperated Nicolas, the Duplays, and Robespierre. Very well; I am glad of it! I tell you, and I wish I could say it aloud, I am disgusted with these people—they are foolish and foul. Then I went to my uncle, and told him my mind about the condition into which the Convention has fallen. Finally, I went to the fair Emilie, and told her some wholesome truths. And now I have come hither, in my new uniform, and making a great fuss about it. Yes, yes, I know that our tyrants will be furious; but I am adored among the grenadiers. We shall see whether Robespierre will dare to touch us; and, after all, cousin Lise, what honest folks have to do these times is to die, but crying out loudly—yes, by all the devils, crying out loudly, ‘Down with the tyrants.’ However, heroism of that kind is all very well for us who are young and generous, but old people, like the virtuous Dubois, still set store by life. Let us make a last effort in his favour. I advised you, Cousin Lise, to beware of going near the fair Emilie; for I hoped that time would soften things, but, unfortunately, just the contrary has happened. Do not ask me any more. There is, however, no other chance left: you must come to Uncle Crassus with me. Let Emilie look into your frank eyes, and implore her, entreat her, to protect the virtuous Dubois.”

“I cannot tell you,” said Lise, after a moment’s reflection, “how very much I dread going there. Do you believe in presentiments? But no,” she added, after another brief pause, “it shall not be said that I neglected anything to save my poor father. Wait for me. I am going to dress myself.”

“If I were you,” said Paul, with some embarrassment, “I should go to the handsome coquette in the simple and heart-touching attire you have on at this moment.”

“That is impossible,” said the girl.

“What a fool I am!” muttered Paul, as she left him. “We can make up our mind to throw ourselves at the feet of our rival; but we cannot bear the idea that she should think we look ill in that attitude. Let us rather sacrifice father, mother, and ourselves, than permit her to have such a triumph!”

The Citizeness Crassus was at home when the two young people reached the Rue de Chartres. They were introduced into the boudoir with which we are already acquainted. Lise stood still in amazement at the change which one week had

wrought in the once beautiful face of Emilie, who caught the meaning of her startled pause, and instantly perceiving that the Little Nightingale, notwithstanding her paleness, was prettier than ever, bit her lips, while a ray of anger shot from her piercing eyes.

"It is you, Lise," said she, coldly. "Paul, leave us. You spoke to me this morning with the insolence of a drunken trooper; I shall not forget it for many a day. Never let me see you again, unless you come to ask me to be your 'citizeness of honour' at your wedding with Lise Dubois. In that case——"

"Cousin Emilie," said Paul, "don't strain your talents. Irony does not at all suit your style of beauty. It is true, I fancied I loved Lise, but you know that if I have ever really adored any one it is you. If I were the rough soldier you would make me out to be, I could explain to you in one word why I thank the Supreme Being that I have been despised and rejected by you. Come, cousin, let us be friends! Forgive me if I have hurt you, I have known you to be so charitable, so kind-hearted! Come, look in that glass, and remember how much handsomer you were in the days when you were kindly and good.

Emilie stamped her foot upon the floor with rage, and made an imperious sign to him to begone. Paul obeyed.

"How long is it since you have seen Commandant La Raison?" she asked Lise, abruptly.

"Five or six days," answered Lise, with perfect tranquillity. "What matter? Let us put that aside, dear Emilie. I have not come to talk to you of him."

"You lie, you lie," cried Emilie, springing towards her. "You lie, infamous wretch that you are! You see him every evening—yes, every evening, for I know that he walks for hours in the street under your window. And I will swear, yes, I will swear that he jumps over the wall into your garden, where you give him interviews. I have seen him, I tell you; I see him every day, every evening, at every hour throughout my sleepless nights, jumping over that accursed wall, and I hear you laugh and ridicule me! What? do you know how you have made me suffer, miserable hypocrite that you are? Ah, yes, you do know it! I saw you smile when you noticed how pale and thin I am, as you came into the room. I saw in your eyes that you rejoiced because my beauty is gone. Listen to me! Twenty times and more have I been tempted to go and

surprise you, and murder you, pair of wretches that you are! One night—it was the night before last—I set out to do it, and I got to the Rue de Sèvres, but then I fell down fainting.”

“Emilie,” said Lise, trying hard to preserve her calmness, while her heart was beating fast, “you do not know what you are saying, and I pardon your madness. Neither do I know what you mean. I assure you that you are mistaken; my just pride forbids me to say more. You are mistaken. But, once more, it is of my father, solely of him, that I have come to speak to you.”

“Ah! and what is the old fool to me! Do I hate him? Does he even exist for me? Yes, it is I who have had him imprisoned; yes, it is I—do you hear? I, who will send him to the scaffold. Why not? Do I think about God? Is there any such thing as justice? Have we not changed everything to be the masters ourselves? Very well, then I want—— But what does it matter to you? Your grovelling heart would not understand me. You—you want to save your father. Take a pen; see, here is paper—now, write.”

Lise looked at her with the curiosity that is aroused by the sight of a strange animal. Was this Emilie? Was this creature a young girl, or even a woman? The frantic excitement of her companion, while it astonished her, aroused her critical observation, and this served to enable her to preserve her calm coolness.

“What would you have me write, Emilie? If it needs only a few lines of my writing to appease you——”

“To appease *me*? Ah, you know me well. Write to save your father, and do not think about me. Write—sit there; that will do. I will dictate: ‘Citizen, it is very true that I have done all in my power to entrap you. But I am not entirely corrupted; I can still be ashamed to deceive an honest and confiding man. Do not despise me altogether on learning the truth, which I now confess to you: I am unworthy to be your wife, I am unworthy to wed a man of honour.’”

Lise had risen, and now stood, pale as death. It was, nevertheless, with a hand which did not ever so slightly tremble that she laid down the pen on the table, and her voice was unmoved as she said firmly:

“I will not write that. My father would much rather die than be saved by the dishonour of his daughter.”

Emilie fixed her gaze, glaring with fury, upon the calm eyes of the girl. In them she read invincible determination.

"I thought as much," said she. "So be it. In fifteen days your father shall be guillotined, and yourself with him. Do not hope to escape me. You may be sure that I am quite certain of my vengeance; if I had not been sure of it, do you think I should let you leave this room without tearing your body and your face with my nails. Profit by your last evening," she added, grinding her teeth horribly; "triumph over me, and mock me. But I will follow the tumbril that shall carry you to the guillotine. Ah! this night, for the first time for a week, I shall sleep, that I may dream of that spectacle, you impure hypocrite!"

Lise had held out. The revolutionary theories of the virtuous Dubois had tainted, not her heart, but her mind, and merely the surface of her mind, since, while she admitted them from filial respect, just as her father advanced them; she had never had any need to adopt them by a process of sound reflection. She had therefore kept her sense of dignity and a clear view of honour almost intact. Not for a second had she hesitated to reject the shameful proposition of Emilie.

But she thoroughly understood at the same time that all was now over. She had not to struggle any more; the hand of the Terror, that hand which had benumbed the soul of France, had been laid upon her own, and held it motionless, without any desire henceforth to combat her destiny, in the expectation of approaching death.

Still she thought that, although she had done all that she could do, although she was condemned to inaction, while awaiting the stroke of death, there was one who could and ought to fight for her even yet. This was he for whose sake she was persecuted, and for whom she was about to die.

On leaving the Rue de Chartres, she bent her steps towards the abode of Commandant La Raison. She had no hesitation in going thither, for although she had not, like her quondam friend, lost all moral sense from contact with the new society, the fine instinct of delicacy had undeniably suffered. She walked with all the feverish precipitation of one who is seeking the remedy for an insurmountable ill, yet her mind was chilled and stupefied. Her heart did not beat at the idea of seeing him who was the ever present object of her thoughts, and whom she loved with all the passion of which her frank and gentle nature was capable. She knew that she was condemned, and she went to implore aid, as if moved by a sort of mechanical

and logical instinct, while convinced that the attempt was entirely useless.

Thus she crossed Paris, without seeing anything, without hearing anything, without feeling anything, as if in a state of somnambulism. She reached the Rue de Sèvres, passed before her own house without looking at it, and knocked at the adjoining door. The face of the old woman from the Cevennes appeared at it, and she heard Madelon say: "The Commandant is not here, he is absent." Then she heard a voice which answered from within herself: "I was sure of it." She did not listen to Madelon, who called to her to come nearer, that she might tell her how Bernard had been sent post haste, by Carnot, with a mission to the Army of the North, and that he would return the day after to-morrow, octidi, in the morning.

She returned to her own house, crossed the garden without casting a glance at it, went up into her room without even hearing a patriotic chorus sung by a dozen citizens of exalted integrity, who were assisting the *garnisaires* to celebrate their last day's watch and ward with due solemnity.

She methodically arranged her linen, her dresses, all the little bits of finery which the Republic had not forbidden her to keep, and all the time she moved about with the same automatic stiffness. Then she made up a small parcel of the few things which she should want to take into the prison. When she had seen that all was in order—she did not think of asking for whom—she opened the hiding-place and took out the statuette of the Blessed Virgin. This also was a mechanical act. Then she knelt down, as she had been used to do in former times, and fixed her eyes upon the sacred image, without any thought of what she was looking at.

But this image recalled the whole of her childhood, it meant to her the memory of her mother; it was the symbol of the dear pleasures she had tasted before the advent of those ignoble tyrants and madmen. As she looked at the tender face of the Virgin Mother, her heart seemed to free itself from its icy load, her tears flowed softly and silently, without that sharp pain which frequently precedes them, and the death-like inertia that had benumbed her whole being was carried away by them. Hope did not return. She knew that they would come and take her, that she should be put in prison, and that nothing could save her. But she was not desolate of heart. She looked

calmly at the wickedness of this world, its great griefs, and the littleness of its pleasures.

In the brightness of an extraordinary light which was produced by the great effort of her soul striving to come forth out of the darkness of the preceding hours, she especially discerned all the ignominy of the epoch in which she lived; the extreme and culpable folly of her father, the cold and impious depravity of Emilie, the injury which the necessity for deception and trickery, and the evil nature of his employment in the bureaux of the Comité du Salut Public, had inflicted upon the generous nature of Charles La Bussière.

And Bernard Emile? Ah, no doubt there was on his noble face no shadow of vice or baseness. And yet, was she well and really loved? And would it last? And then there was war—even were the guillotine, whose mission it seemed to be to cut down all that was not low and vile, to spare him, war would soon take him from her. The sole happiness that seemed to her to have any sweetness in it in all this world was then menaced by war, the scaffold, and indifference. Was there much to regret in so sombre an existence, such contemptible people, a world so horrible, with Robespierre for its King, Emilie and old Merluchon for its model women, and Requin for its masculine ideal?

Nevertheless, she felt an intense desire once more to behold the sun and the flowers. She smiled at the little parcel which she had prepared, as if saying to herself that she would not forget it, and went down to the garden. There she passed several hours, indeed she remained until nightfall, basking in the sunshine, occupying by turns all the places in which she had been accustomed to sit, inspecting all the flowers, removing the dead leaves, and gently flicking off the insects. Then, after being lost in reverie, and striving to resuscitate her past visions, she roused herself and took the rosebush which Charles had given her a few days previously out of the neighbourhood of the statue of the Republic. "Poor Charles," she murmured, "I am glad to die on account of him also, for I never could have loved or married him. I see that clearly now, and he would have been very unhappy."

She made a little face at the statue, and this was her only revenge upon that Republic which was taking her young life. She could not prevent herself from smiling at the base and grotesque faces of the busts, and she asked herself how it was

she had not been struck by them before, and how her father could have taken such vile and ridiculous types for the objects of his worship, making of them household gods? Then she gave herself up to enjoying for the last time the full poetry of nature, in the midst of the innumerable sounds, flutterings, songs, perfumes, of the ineffable graces of verdure and light that surrounded her, and which she revelled in with an innocent gladness that lent a special charm to the Little Nightingale. At last, when she had thoroughly and for the last time refreshed her soul with these pure influences, she seated herself, also for the last time, under the great cherry tree, and began to sing, in a voice to which she vainly strove to impart the gaiety of the past—poor Nightingale!—all the quaint cradle-songs of her childhood. She sang, in a louder voice, the old “brunette” in honour of the “Demoiselles,” to which Bernard had responded two decades before. Only fifteen days in reality had passed, and how far they had all travelled since then!

This time, all was really over. She went upstairs to her room, and once more knelt down before the statue.

“It is many years, dear Holy Virgin,” murmured the girl, “since I have opened my heart to one of those priests whom my mother revered and my father mocked. I believe that it was my mother who was right. But how was a little girl like me to distrust my father? If I have done very wrong, dear Holy Virgin, and you wish me to confess, send me one of your priests, for I do not know where to find one. But I give my life very willingly that you may pardon me the pain I have given you, for my mother loved you very much. Will you remember this, Holy Virgin?”

CHAPTER V.

A MAN AND A REVOLUTIONIST.

ON his return to his own house in the morning of octidi, Commandant La Raison learned that Lise Dubois-Joli had been arrested by Commissaries Piget and Requain, who had come to remove the seals and search the papers at the house of the virtuous Dubois; also that they had discovered anti-revolutionary documents. These incriminating papers consisted of the correspondence between Dubois-Joli and his young wife during a pilgrimage made by the latter in 1779, to Notre Dame

de Liesse, for the recovery of the little Lise, who was then seriously ill. But the fury of the commissaries was fanned into its fiercest flame by the fact that they had found the bust of Marat deprived of its nose, and a lily plant growing in the garden. The latter was a truly abominable crime. Old Madelon handed to Bernard-Emile a key, and a letter addressed to him. She had found both at the foot of the wall that separated the two gardens.

Citizen [said the letter], this key opens the door of my room. I beg of you to go there, if you are not afraid to enter the dwelling of a "suspect," and unless you yourself fear to do something that may also be "suspect."

I am wrong to say this, however, for I well know that you will not be afraid. But I have seen so many hideous and unexpected things that I no longer know what to believe. All my ideas are troubled. Nevertheless I am sure that you are not a traitor or a trembler, such as all Frenchmen have become.

Displace my bed, and raise the plank nearest to the wall. You will find a hiding-place underneath it, and several things which belong to me. I beg of you to take a statue of the Blessed Virgin—it was my mother's—and to do your best to place it in the hands of my aunt, at whose house, as I am sure you will remember, I first met you. Let her know, I entreat you, that during these last days of my life—for you know, once imprisoned by the Republic, one must count oneself dead—I have often prayed before this statue, and bathed it in my tears, deeply regretting the foolish and wicked things in honour of the Revolution that I have believed all these years! But, I was *so* young, and my father approved.

You will also find a white ribbon with a little cross—that is a remembrance of my First Communion. It is very strange how strongly these recollections, which I have not thought about for three years past, recur to my mind now. I give the ribbon and the cross to you; I am sure that you will be glad to have something of mine. My dear mother would blame me for saying this; but I have always been told that I was as frank as a bird, and, besides, I shall never see you more, and I am sorry that I gave you pain by saying that I forbade you to endeavour to defend me.

I was rather ill-natured in those days, and I thought that I loved Charles La Bussière. I know now that it was not so. I give you this ribbon to console you. I am sure you will be glad to learn that I have still the same child's heart as when I wore it first.

I went to you, to entreat you to protect us, but when I found that you were not there, I understood at once that the struggle was at an end, that all was over. Then I thought of my poor little birds, and how, when their mother was killed, after they had called to her for a

long time, they resigned themselves, put their heads under their little wings, and slept, while they awaited the coming of death.

Adieu. I don't like to call you "citizen." That name seems to me foul, ridiculous, and odious. It is no longer the custom to say "Monsieur." I shall call you Bernard-Emile.

I leave this world without regret. Just reflect that we see nothing clearly, and that the most disgusting and despicable of beings are the masters of all; and so complete is their mastery that they are only to be escaped by death. I firmly believe, too, that I shall go to join my dear mother in that Heaven which I had forgotten. When I first thought of it, I was startled, and then my heart smiled, as though I had seen the face of an old friend. You must do all you can to come to me there, Bernard-Emile. It is for this that I tell you to keep and to wear the little cross.

Again, adieu. I write at great length do I not? But it is for the last time, and I am writing to *you*. This is my last word, and I permit you to remember that I end by saying *Bernard-Emile*.

LISE.

When the Commandant had read this letter to the end, he was deadly pale. He walked towards the door, but the old woman came and stood before him, and looked him straight in the face. The young man's eyes were bright with the fire of fierce determination.

"Yes," said Madelon, in the sonorous *patois* of the Cevennes, "it is as I thought. I see in your eyes that you are bent on a deed of violence. I do not blame you. When justice exists no longer, every man becomes a judge, and when tyranny reigns, every man has the right of lawful defence. France is no longer anything but a vast forest, with robbers, and robber captains; let the honest people defend themselves! But I blame you for setting about the work at once, now, here, because you are angry, and anger renders men maladroit and short-sighted. No one does anything well who does it in anger; a man in a rage misses his aim, and seems to be in the wrong."

La Raison paused, made her a mute sign of acquiescence, and then passed a whole hour in walking up and down in silence. At the end of that time he turned towards the old woman.

"Now," he said, "I am quite calm. I know what it is I want to do, and it is right."

"Bernard!" exclaimed Madelon, as he went to the door.

"Look at me, nurse," said he, as he turned his face towards her, and she saw that it bore its usual expression of lofty

serenity, "I am calm. There is no power on earth that can hinder me from doing what I have determined to do."

He then left the house, and directed his steps to the Comité de Sûreté Générale. He was well known there, and was admitted to the presence of Dubarran without difficulty. Dubarran was holding a conference with Héron, and he seemed to be much disturbed. Bernard-Emile cast a haughty glance upon the chief of the revolutionary sbirri.

Héron, who wore a long poniard in a white belt, which was also ornamented with three pairs of pistols, while several others protruded from his pockets, laid his hand on his poniard, and then, shrugging his shoulders, said to Dubarran, with a disdainful smile:

"Here is a citizen who saves you the trouble of sending for him. Do not forget, Citizen Commissary, what I have just said to you. I have never seen Robespierre more resolutely determined. There is no half-way in this matter: it is either revolt or obedience. It is for you to see whether you, and others, are ready for revolt."

Again a mocking smile crossed Héron's sinister face, as Dubarran, whose embarrassment was not to be concealed, accompanied him to the door, and, after he had carefully closed it behind his visitor, also shut and bolted the door of an adjoining room.

Bernard looked on while these precautions were taken, with a bitter and sarcastic smile. Then Dubarran led him to the farthest extremity of the room.

"And this is you, father," said La Raison, "you, who helped to make the Revolution, through your natural pride and your love of liberty, and now tremble before this chief of assassins, this leader of spies—you who are forced to lock yourself in that you may talk to your own son! And you are one of the heads of the Government! What then must the mere citizens be reduced to, what must their fears be?"

Dubarran reddened again as he replied quickly: "This will not last. But let us come to the point, at once. Robespierre has learned—so Héron has just revealed to me—that you are my son. I do not know how he has made the discovery."

"We have not concealed the fact. If I ever wished to do so, it was not because I feared that I should have to blush for my father and my name, but it was because, being full of that philosophical generosity which you then represented, in love

with all those democratic sentiments which I then supposed to be sincere, and believing enthusiastically in republican dignity and revolutionary pride, I wanted to pursue the career of arms without any patronage, and supported wholly by my own merits. And what does it matter to us that Robespierre is aware that Commandant La Raison is the son of Commissary Dubarran? Is he also one of those men before whom you tremble?"

"My son," said Dubarran, with some sternness, "you are forgetting the respect that you owe to paternal authority."

"I do not forget it. I feel no such respect. Listen to me, father. You have taught me that all respect comes from a prejudice, and that there are no longer any prejudices; that it is a prejudice to respect religion, that it is a prejudice to respect authority, and that respect is due exclusively to that which is in itself respectable; to the priest if he be an estimable old man, to the Government if it be founded upon absolute justice and upon philosophy. 'I permit you,' said you to me at that time, 'to despise your own father if he becomes despicable, for paternal authority itself is a prejudice if it be not founded on virtue.' I believed you, and I obey you. If you are respectable I will venerate you, and I shall love you always. At this moment, I hesitate to respect you. I make use of the new right which you have created, and which you represent—the right to judge all things. Father, your son feels that in his own virtue resides the right to judge you."

"I see," said Dubarran, with a half smile; "you always had a touch of pedantry about you. It is the fault of the day."

"Because it is well to fill with big words the vacuum of those great principles which were proclaimed so loudly, only to be replaced by great crimes."

"Well, well, you will recover your filial respect. You will understand hereafter that there is a great difference between philosophy and government. The habit of conducting public affairs will teach you that principles are made to be proclaimed, and business is made to be done. But, before all, we must live; at the present moment that is the question for you, for me, and for every man in France."

"And you dare to call yourself a republican, father?"

"Will you listen to me? You were quite right in what you said. Robespierre is not only one of the men before whom I tremble, he is *the* man; for he is the chief of those who make

us all tremble, who are the masters, and whose slaves we are, although we seem to govern them."

"Well, then, overthrow Robespierre; thus you will disorganize this army of Jacobins, sectionaries, and terrorists, and you will annihilate the power of the ignorant, stupid, furious, and wicked multitude, a power which is developing itself so fast that there is reason to fear it may soon invade the entire soil of France."

"Attack Robespierre! And how do you know that such a design is not contemplated? But there will be a struggle, and who knows whether the Republic may not be damaged; whether democracy may not be imperilled, and the Revolution itself perish?"

"So much the better then," said La Raison, passionately. "I place humanity above democracy. As for you, you prefer the Republic to France, but I? I have seen that the Revolution is the opposite of truth, the opposite of virtue, since it is hypocrisy, cowardice, and ferocity, and I cry, 'Down with the hateful monster!'"

"Silence, unhappy boy," exclaimed Dubarran, in alarm. "These walls might well open and give free passage to the echo of such blasphemy."

Bernard looked steadily and coldly at his father for a full minute.

"There," he said, as though speaking to himself, "stands the man who taught me to despise prejudice, to detest tyranny! Adieu, father, I have no longer anything to say to you."

"But, you wretched madman," remonstrated Dubarran, with great heat and vehemence, "if the Revolution is ferocity, why would you have us, who are revolutionists, destroy a Government which gratifies our despotic instincts! If the Revolution is cowardice, where shall we find, in the midst of these cowards, soldiers, heroes, who will aid free men to shake off its yoke? Well, then, I at least am no coward. Yes, the yoke of Robespierre galls me, and it galls some of my colleagues in the two *Comités*. Yes, no doubt, Carnot, perhaps Lindet, Elie Lacoste, and the prudent Moïse Bayle, would willingly risk something to be rid of this vermin. But upon whom can we lean? Outside of the cowardly, the ferocious, and the foolish, whom should we find in the *Comités*? And the ferocious ones, with Billault-Varennes, Collot d'Herbois, Amas, and Vadier at their head, dread any step that would shake their own despotism; the

cowards, with Barère and La Vicomterre at *their* head, are afraid of bringing down the wrath of the master upon themselves; while fools like Lebas, David, and Buhl, do not know which wind to turn by. Shall we rely, in the Convention, upon the confused and trembling mass of the 'toads of the swamp' (*crapauds du marais*). Shall we go to the Mountain, to the sweepings of corrupt Dantonists, of ambitious Hébertists, who watch for our inheritance that they may make France one huge fair, where heads as well as goods shall be raffled for? Would you have us appeal to the Parisian population? All who are honest and well meaning are utterly scared by the Terror; the others consider that all is going well, since they may rave, pillage, and tyrannize as they please. You see, we must obey Robespierre, and give him everything he demands."

"Even your heads."

"Ha!" exclaimed Dubarran, "on the day when he wants to take them, we shall defend ourselves, and we will exterminate him."

Bernard drew himself up to his full height, and in his face and form there was an expression of mingled haughtiness and sorrow."

"Father," said he, "your last words prove to me that all the rest formed only a feigned and false excuse. You wait to threaten this tyranny until it has attacked yourself. Your son has heard, and judged you. He has condemned you."

He moved forward, as though to leave the room; but Dubarran put his hand on his arm and stopped him.

"I tell you, you are like Saint-Just, a pedant, a boy, ignorant of life. Since you must know all, let me tell you that matters are more advanced than I have admitted. Robespierre's ambition disquiets the ambitious, his hypocrisy menaces the cowards, who never know whether their humility will keep them safe, while his distrust, his exactions, his narrow and malicious tyranny, make even the foolish far-sighted. We are waiting for his first false step; until then we must have patience. You must follow my advice, and deceive this Tartuffe by cleverer scheming than his own."

"Ah, that is the advice you give me; you, the proud democrat, Dubarran?"

"You are really absurd. Do hear me. Robespierre dreams of supreme power. He dreads neither the Convention nor the people, believing both to be in his hands; but he does

fear the army. By degrees he is exterminating the old generals; and he wants to select among the rising officers men whom he could push into the foremost places, whom he might load with favours, thereby attaching them to himself. You are one of that number. He thought of you, believing you to be a natural son. On learning that you are my son, he made up his mind to bind me, as well as you, to his fortunes. But it is indispensable that you should marry a girl who is a friend of the Duplays, the daughter of Crassus. She is clever, rich, and handsome; devoted to his ambitious purposes, and through her he will hold you. Why do you not marry her?"

"Then," said La Raison, "all would change, and the austere Dubarran would willingly become a Robespierrist, that he might be the father of the general-in-chief of the Robespierrist forces?"

Dubarran smiled, and that smile dispelled his son's last illusion.

"At least, gain time," said the father, "and consent to the marriage. A few days hence we shall know, one way or another, how things are to be."

"I am a more clear-sighted man than you think, father. On the day when I should have said 'Yes,' Robespierre would fix the marriage within twenty-four hours. Well, I would rather die than marry this girl whom you call clever, rich, and handsome. It is my turn to speak now."

He paused for a moment; and Dubarran observed him anxiously.

"I came to ask you two things, father. A few days ago, a man whom I love was put in prison. His name is Dubois-Joli. His imprisonment is an iniquitous deed. Yesterday, a young girl named Lise Dubois-Joli was put in prison. This young girl I adore. Will you have them both released?"

"No," answered Dubarran, coldly, "I neither can nor will. Unless, that is, you consent to marry the Citizeness Crassus."

"Lise would rather die. Farewell, father."

He walked away, with a quiet step. A few minutes later Dubarran called an attendant:

"Let some one go at once to the bureaux of Henriot, at the Hotel de Ville, and get the address of Commandant La Raison, an officer on convalescent leave. It is at the end of the Rue de Sèvres, I do not know exactly where. Let him be arrested immediately, and placed at Belhommes, *au secret*."

"Thus," thought Dubarran, "I shall prevent this headstrong fellow from committing some folly. This evening, at the Comité I shall recommend Fouquier Tinville to press on the condemnation of the girl. Out of sight out of mind."

La Raison was, however, as clever as his father on the present occasion. The facility with which Dubarran had allowed him to leave him, led him to suspect the plan he had formed, and he evaded it by a simple stratagem. He did not return to the Rue de Sèvres, but went to Paul Crassus, and asked him to give him hospitality. He remained all day at his friend's, very thoughtful, but glad rather than sorrowful. He read a hundred times over the dear letter which Lise had written, and each perusal revealed a fresh charm. In the midst of danger, difficulty, and dread, the young soldier was happy all that long and portentous day.

Notes on some late "Reminiscences."

WE have had many intimations of late that the "Oxford movement" is fast passing into that category of events or periods the interest of which is becoming historical, rather than immediately practical. It is not yet half a century since the *Tracts for the Times* began to appear, and it is not yet forty years since the movement culminated in the submission of its great author and leader to the Catholic Church. But generations succeed each other so rapidly that the men of that time are fast passing away, and the history of thought and religious feeling in modern England moves on even still faster than the succession of generations. The blessed effects of the Oxford movement are to be seen in almost every educated Catholic congregation throughout the land, and it is not too much to say that the whole of English society has been leavened by them. The strength and power of the movement has been proved also by the perversions and distortions to which its influence has been subjected, by the curious sentimentalities, the grotesque parodies of Catholic institutions and customs in which some who have called themselves its disciples have taken refuge, by the rebelliousness against all authority which claims to have issued from its exaggerated deference to authorities of not the highest rank, and by the looseness as to moral obligations and solemn pledges which has taken the place of the straightforward and resolute truthfulness of its original leaders. The Oxford of the present day is not more different from the Oxford of the Tractarians than is the modern advanced party in the Establishment from the Tractarians themselves. But the interest of the movement and of its history grows almost as years pass on, and we may expect that for the next twenty years there will be an abundance of contributions towards that history in various shapes and of various value and importance.

Three men of considerable note among the Oxford residents of at least a part of the time covered by the Tractarian move-

ment properly so-called, have lately written on the subject, more or less, of its history. Mr. Froude contributed some papers to the *Good Words* of last year, of which we need only say that they were thoroughly worthy of Mr. Froude and thoroughly unworthy of *Good Words*. The late Dean of Westminster, most unfortunately for his own fame, closed the long series of his contributions to literature a year ago by an article on the subject in the *Edinburgh Review*, remarkable for nothing so much as for its equal want of power and of generosity. Now we have Mr. Thomas Mozley's *Reminiscences*, in two well filled volumes, which add much more to our knowledge of the central history of the movement than anything that has appeared since Cardinal Newman's *Apologia*. So much it is fair to say with regard to Mr. Mozley's volumes. They are not disfigured by the untrustworthy qualities, or by the bitterness of spirit, which characterize the productions of Mr. Antony Froude or of the late Dean Stanley. We believe them to contain not a few mistakes as to matters of fact, the result of imperfect or faulty memory. Their spirit does not rise to the level which we desire to see maintained by any one who makes himself to any extent the historiographer of the Oxford movement. They contain many mistakes, also, of taste. Mr. Mozley has been for many years an anonymous writer in what is called "the leading journal," and he has brought to the composition of his memoirs much of the carelessness as to the feelings of others which belongs to the anonymous and the irresponsible scribe. There is a great deal too much of off-handed gossip, which will wound, if not the men of whom the author speaks, at least those to whom their names and memories are dear. There are private details, absolutely unnecessary, in the worst style of the "society" papers, mentions of foibles and miseries which have no business in a book meant for very general reading, a good deal too much about Mr. Mozley's own personal history, chapters of speculation, it may almost be called, on matters of religion and belief which leave a flavour of uncertainty and unsteadiness on the mental palate, as well as a whole wilderness of trivialities. We do not say that the book is below the average in all these respects. On the contrary, considering that it is the work of an old man of failing sight, it is smart, free from platitude, lighted up here and there by flashes of humour, and almost uniformly well written, to an extent which places it among the most readable books of the season. Perhaps we are too much

impressed ourselves with the momentous issues at stake in the Oxford movement, with the great responsibilities of the chief actors in the history, and the like, to be very patient of mere gossip on such matters. The book contains some few precious things in the midst of a great multitude of things that are certainly not precious, and, as it may live for the sake of its few beauties, we are sorry that they should have to go down to posterity in such inferior company.

We must endeavour, after having said thus much in general, to cull a few of the more important topics of which Mr. Mozley speaks, and make our remarks upon them. In a slight notice like the present, topics may be treated as important because they happen to interest us for the moment, even though they may be connected with facts or individuals very insignificant in themselves. We shall take a few such topics up at random. In the first place, then, Mr. Mozley has done good service by contributing in his measure to the destruction of what may be called the "Antony Froude" myth. Somewhat more than a year ago we had occasion to remark, in these pages, on some very curious statements made by Mr. Antony Froude in the papers in *Good Words*, to which we have just now referred. We saw good reason for thinking that certain statements about a sermon of the present Cardinal Newman, which Mr. Froude declared that he had heard, in which it had been stated that Hume's argument against the credibility of miracles was logically sound, belonged to the same category of romance with a great number of the statements about persons and things which are contained in the work of the same writer which passes under the name of a *History of England*. The sermon still exists, it contains nothing of the kind, but a good deal contradictory, of the statement which Mr. Froude attributed to it, and it is in the highest degree improbable that Mr. Froude was present when it was preached. Mr. Mozley, in his chapter on Mr. Froude, has pretty well disposed of another part of the same legend, the main purport of which is that Mr. Froude was taken hold of by his brother Hurrell and his friends—including, of course, the future Cardinal—that he was half forced into Tractarianism for the time, and at last after a struggle emancipated himself from the snare. Mr. Mozley shows by dates how very short was the period during which the two brothers could have been together while the elder was alive and in residence at Oriel. The idea of Mr. Antony Froude having been an intimate

friend or disciple of Mr. Newman at that time is dispelled. Mr. Mozley tells us that Antony was at Oxford very much what he has been ever since. At all events he was not a brand rescued from the burning of Tractarianism to adorn the Broad Church—or whatever portion of the Anglican vineyard he may be supposed to belong to.

Another bit of useful matter is to be found in some chapters about the relations between Dr. Hampden and that curious and most unfortunate man, Blanco White. Mr. Mozley makes it very probable that the famous Bampton Lectures were inspired and very largely supplied with material by Blanco White. It is very probable that the book would never have been read, even by the comparatively few readers it ever obtained, if it had not been for the nomination of its author to the Regius Professorship of Divinity, and the subsequent movement for its condemnation by Convocation. But the virus of the book is undeniable, and its origin is best explained by the influence of Blanco White. The account given in these volumes of the old Oriel school will come as a kind of revelation to many readers. The College was at that time quite the foremost in Oxford, and even the undergraduates were picked men. A few years after Mr. Mozley's time it had begun a rapid decadence, and it has never of late years recovered its position. It was certainly not the fault of the tutors, whose influence, a few years later, was broken by the action of the Provost, Dr. Hawkins, that this decline set in. If Newman, Robert Wilberforce, and Hurrell Froude, had been allowed their own way, the College would have been raised far higher than ever, and it is not too much to say that the whole University might have been preserved for another generation from the freethinking influences which now appear to dominate it. It does not seem that Dr. Hawkins was actuated by any theological bias in opposing the plans of his tutors for the improvement of the College system. It was too early in the day for the division into Tractarian and anti-Tractarian. Dr. Hawkins probably objected to a plan which would have made the tutors far more powerful in the College than himself, and given a good deal of extra trouble at the terminal examinations. Yet, curiously enough, it was this action of the Provost that made a turning-point in the career of the great man whom he was opposing in his plans for the raising of College education to a higher level. It was this turning away Mr. Newman from the tutorial career, on which he was spending

so much most valuable and conscientious labour, that opened to him the study of questions relating to the Church and to religion. No doubt, these interests must have mastered him ultimately, even if he had remained the successful tutor of his College, attracting to himself the love and confidence of an ever-increasing circle of devoted pupils. But the actual impulse came in this way from Dr. Hawkins, who little thought what he was doing, any more than he had foreseen, when he vacated the Vicarship of St. Mary's, to be succeeded by Dr. Newman, how great a share he was unconsciously taking in the formation of his immense influence outside the College walls. These are some of the most striking points in the history of the College and of the movement.

Mr. Mozley tells us very little about Dr. Pusey. He was not, we think, ever tutor of the College, and he did not reside much as a Fellow. Even in his influence on the University he hardly comes into the range of Mr. Mozley's volume. The fact seems to be that Dr. Pusey was not originally one of the leaders in the Tractarian movement. He came into it after it had been already some time in existence. His name was more prominent than that of any other, except those of Newman and Keble, but his great influence has been acquired since the leadership was apparently left vacant by the submission of Dr. Newman to the Church. Of Keble Mr. Mozley tells us more, though it is clear he did not see much of him. But he speaks quite plainly as to the immense prestige of the author of the *Christian Year*, and the great veneration in which he was commonly held. He has not much new to say about the famous election to the Provostship, in which, as was said, the influence of Newman secured the choice of Hawkins in preference to Keble, a choice which, looked at in the light of subsequent events, seemed so fatal to the movement with which the names of Keble and Newman were identified, but which at the time was very intelligible, and required no great amount of explanation. Our own impression is that Mr. Mozley has omitted something very material—the influence exercised on this occasion by Dr. Pusey.

We must here pause to notice an incidental bit of controversy. Mr. Mozley's remarks on Mr. Keble have given some displeasure to some friends of that distinguished man, but we think that on the whole the criticisms made on him have been unfortunate. We cannot discuss with Dr. Pusey or Canon Liddon the question whether the author of the *Christian Year*

was liable "to lose his temper in discussion;" for to do so would be to enter into those personal matters the introduction of which is, as we think, so much to be deprecated. Any one who knew Mr. Keble intimately would know that he was the most amiable of men, but by no means the soft gentle unresisting character that he might seem to be at a distance. He was a domesticated eagle, living contentedly amid inferior birds, who would do everything in the world for him except help him to soar on high and gaze upon the sun. He was what Shakspeare calls a "homekeeping" man, and if he had not "homely wits," that was owing to his very great intellectual stature. But a single coal cannot keep hot if it be removed from the rest of the coals of which a fire is made, and the home-life of an Anglican parsonage may nourish many beautiful virtues, but its atmosphere does not favour movement, progress, activity, nor does it train even great intelligences and humble minds for all the accomplishments of polemical discussion. Mr. Keble would have been a living miracle if his surroundings had not cramped him—a living miracle, such as Providence does not often bring about—as one can imagine, for very cogent reasons. Mr. Keble did not live in habitual contact with equal minds. He made all religious questions personal matters, and some political questions also. He made you feel that you had hurt him if you differed from him, and he had not certainly the power, which is so singular in his greatest friend, of mastering the position of his antagonist in controversy before answering him. When Mr. Mozley says that Keble had himself "renounced" all hopes of promotion, when he got his friends to sign a protest against the choice of a Lutheran Prince as sponsor for one of the royal children, he did not probably mean that Mr. Keble had ever cared for preferment, but that he simply had no ambition of more than he had got. It is hypercritical to come down on him for the slipshod use of the word "renounce," in which he would probably be justified by common usage.

It is a more serious matter when Mr. Mozley remarks on the unwillingness of Mr. Keble to give up the famous line in the *Christian Year*, in which the heretical doctrine of Hooker, teaching on the absence of our Lord in the Holy Eucharist, is stated in so many words. Dr. Pusey seems to us singularly ill-advised in finding fault with Mr. Mozley for his remark. His own account makes matters worse. He has himself shown what has appeared to many a singular laxity on the point, in not

withdrawing printed statements which he must now know to be incorrect, and we prefer altogether the common account of Mr. Keble's unwillingness to alter the *Christian Year*, which is that given by himself, to the account invented for him by Dr. Pusey. Dr. Pusey says, in a letter printed in the *Times*, July 15th, that Mr. Mozley has remarked on this unwillingness "to give up the famous line in the *Christian Year*, when he had long given up the whole book, and only feared that by correcting one expression he might endorse anything else in it which he had outgrown."

We wonder what the Anglican admirers of Mr. Keble and of the *Christian Year* think of this explanation. The truth probably is that, at the time Mr. Keble wrote the line, he believed it to represent in its natural sense the true doctrine. This he certainly "outgrew," as Dr. Pusey says. But the word "outgrow" is more appropriately used of progress beyond imperfect forms of truth, than of the discovery that a former opinion is absolutely false. It cannot be said that the negative statement in the line referred to was an imperfect truth. Mr. Keble left the line unaltered, not because he had given up the whole book, but because he considered that his opinions on the subject of the Real Presence, or real absence, of our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament, were too well known from his other publications for it to be supposed that he now held the doctrine of Hooker on that point. We think Mr. Keble was mistaken, especially as the *Christian Year* was always anonymous, and this, in the case of a book of its immense circulation, must infallibly have led to its being read by many who had never heard the name of the author, still less read his other publications. But Mr. Keble's reluctance to alter anything in the *Christian Year* is at least intelligible. He had got, moreover, to look on his book, with its wonderful influence, as something apart from his own personal character or reputation. Dr. Pusey's explanation involves, in plain words, a lax morality. It implies a principle—no doubt very acceptable to men who dislike above all things having to retract when they have been proved to be in error—that there is no obligation on a man who has circulated either false statements or false doctrine, in a work which is still largely read, to withdraw those statements publicly, if he continues, as Mr. Keble did continue, to publish edition after edition, up to the very time of his death, of the work in which they are contained. And when we say false statements or false doctrines,

we do not mean to put ordinary misstatements on common matters on a level with misstatements on matters of Divine doctrine. Dr. Pusey appears to ignore this distinction. No doubt there were several things in the *Christian Year* which would have been said differently by Mr. Keble if he had had to say them over again. But there was but one statement, as far as we are aware, which contained, at all events in the natural-sense of the words, rank heresy, and what Mr. Keble considered as untrue. It is a great exaggeration to say he had given up the whole book—if he had, why did he go on publishing it? One of Mr. Keble's most intimate Oxford friends and pupils, a man whose name, if we chose to mention it, would be acknowledged by Dr. Pusey as to be held in the highest veneration, remarked to the writer of these lines that it was one of Mr. Keble's characteristics to be most eager to unsay what he thought he had been mistaken in saying, and he added that he thought Mr. Keble had become Public Examiner at Oxford the second time, for the sake of unsaying something he had said in the Schools the first time. But Mr. Keble naturally did not like to touch the *Christian Year*, and we are satisfied with his own explanation, and believe that he persuaded himself that people knew his change of opinion too well to be scandalized by what he had written so many years ago. That is, he thought he had virtually retracted the line, and that this was sufficiently well known. This is a very different thing from having "given up the whole book."

Mr. Mozley remarks sorrowfully on that rapid passing away of so many of his contemporaries, men who belonged to the generation of which he speaks in his book, and he tells us that even while writing he has had to hear of the departure of many who were actors in the stirring event of that time. As we ourselves write, one of these distinguished men has passed away from the comparatively small band of Oxford converts of the first generation. Mr. Mozley had a good deal to do with Mr. William George Ward, for he was himself editor of the *British Critic* at the time when Mr. Ward's articles used to appear, few of which failed to cause a sensation, and some of which were among the most forcible and soul stirring of the whole list of contributions. Mr. Ward is to Mr. Mozley what he then was at Oxford, and the part of his long and active life with which Catholics are most familiar, was begun after he parted company from Mr. Mozley and the residuum of the Tractarian party. This

must be borne in mind in reading the estimate formed by Mr. Mozley of his energetic and copious contributor. That Mr. Ward gave no trouble to his editor is more than we could say, for his handwriting was none of the best and his ways anything but methodical. But he certainly helped to make the fame of the *British Critic*, for good or for evil, what it was in the year or two before its collapse. But a comparison between his early and his later writings will show all the immense difference between the impetuous young Oxford master, dogmatizing without guidance, except what was supplied him by the influence of older friends, and the same vigorous and mature intelligence writing in defence of definite doctrine as a humble member of the Catholic Church. Naturally speaking, Mr. Ward is the same man *qualis ab incepto*—but supernaturally speaking, he was very different. In fact, Mr. Ward was sure to be in the front wherever he was. Someone has said of the late Samuel Wilberforce that he ought to have been in political life, in which he would have become a great party leader. We can hardly wish that Mr. Ward had been able to go into Parliament, but he would certainly have made his mark there, and have been a most useful exponent of Catholic views and principles. It is curious that his style as a writer should have been so seldom marked by any oratorical grace. For he was certainly, by the concurrent testimony of his contemporaries, one of the first speakers of his day at Oxford. But he was too much in earnest to polish his sentences as a writer. He preached, we think, one University sermon at St. Mary's. It was a chapter out of his book, *The Ideal of a Christian Church*, and was thought very beautiful by those who heard it. Mr. Ward was happy among the converts of the class to which he belonged, in finding quite as much scope for his activity and energy in his new position as in his old. In truth his career was never really impeded by the fact of his conversion, and his field of action was enlarged as well as changed. It is all very well for the *Times* to ask what was gained by conversions such as his. In the matter of conversions, the gain is usually reckoned to the persons converted, not to the Church to which they submit. But in the case of the English community of Catholics a great deal was certainly gained by the enlistment of the genuine devotion, the industry, the energy, the honesty, the true religious humility, and the fearless courage of the late Editor of the *Dublin*. He happened to be a man of large fortune, but this was the least of the good

things which he brought to the service of the Church. He was open-handed and open-hearted, genial, humorous, even naive in his simplicity—a man whom no one could have anything to do with and not like and respect and love. His character was his great charm, and a great part of his power.

It is on such topics as these that Mr. Mozley's book will be read with interest by those to whom Oxford and Oriel are subjects of which it is difficult to tire. But the main value and interest of the work consists in the light which it throws on the character and career of the greatest of the sons of Oxford and Oriel—John Henry Newman. Here again we cannot help feeling a repugnance to the too familiar treatment of even a great historical character, while he is alive. Mr. Mozley will say that he expects and even that he hopes for the benefit of the nation and the Church, that he may himself have passed beyond the day when he is able to write reminiscences, before the Cardinal is withdrawn from us. But reminiscences may be written without being published, and, although we may freely confess that Mr. Mozley has not laid himself open to the blame which attaches to so many writers of the class in which he has enlisted himself, we still cannot speak of these revelations, such as they are, without a protest against the whole system of which the men of our day are so fond. All that we can say is that Mr. Mozley has in the first place, had very great advantages. He was a pupil of Mr. Newman's, he was his brother Fellow, he was his brother-in-law. He was enlisted, with all the heartiness of which his nature was capable, in the movement with which the name of his great friend will be for ever connected, he was mixed up with some of its most exciting episodes, and, having been selected to succeed Mr. Newman as Editor of the *British Critic*, he was brought across most of the active and brilliant minds who laboured for the movement in the field of literature. He fought, "not without glory," in the first ranks himself. At one time he was so far overpowered by the impetus as to resign his editorship, and communicate to his brother-in-law that he was thinking of joining the Catholic Church himself.

Putting aside the objections which we feel to the class of literature of which these volumes are specimens, we cannot say, in the second place, that Mr. Mozley has written in a manner altogether unworthy of his great theme. We doubt his accuracy on many points of detail, but that is another thing. He has disarmed his critics by the most abject possible avowal of his

own disbelief in the accuracy of recollections such as his own. But it cannot be said of him that he was "not a mind to appreciate either John Keble or Newman." This is what Dr. Pusey says of him, but we think it is not true. We should be inclined to see in the writer of these volumes more defects of the heart than of the head. He would have been all the better for a little more of W. G. Ward's earnestness. He seems to us to have been an ally of the movement from circumstances, not to have been carried away by any perfectly true enthusiasm or devotion. But whether hearty or not, whether deep or not, whether able to make sacrifices or not, it is certain that he pays a most sincere homage to the greatness of the leader of whom he had so many opportunities of being the familiar friend. He has told us many things about the family of the Newmans which the future biographers of the Cardinal will value, and which he certainly had the best means of ascertaining. That he is not a mere bookmaker may be proved by the fact, that some time ago he returned to the Cardinal all the letters he had ever received from him, rather than run the risk of their being some day used for bookmaking purposes. There are many traits of character which we could have learnt from no one but a very familiar and intimate companion, and for these again we are debtors to Mr. Mozley. We have already hinted that he has brought out some of the features in the providential career of the great leader which will make his book valuable to all time, at least as long as interest in the Oxford movement and its consequences survives. He has written we think, in too off-hand a manner of many of the men mentioned in his pages, but we do not remember anything wanting in reverence to the one great figure, except it be in matters as to which Mr. Mozley may be unable to comprehend him on account of the very vague state, as far as they are revealed in these pages, of his own religious opinions. He shows us how all the best minds of a generation singularly favoured with a large proportion of good minds, grouped themselves around John Henry Newman by a natural instinct, drawn out by the presence of an intellectual and moral giant. He has shown how Newman's presence in Oxford affected, for good, even many men who were never even for a time numbered among his disciples. And when we remember the many disagreeable and unfair things which these reminiscences would probably have contained if they had passed through the hands of some of Mr. Mozley's critics, we are bound to

acknowledge that we think he has done this part of his work well.

But after all, when his pages send us, as they have probably sent many others, back to the *Apologia*, we feel at once how different is the atmosphere which we have been breathing. It seems very true indeed that the *Apologia*—written as it was, how could it be otherwise?—is imperfect and fragmentary as a history, and the one great use of what is good in such works as that before us will be to furnish notes and illustrations to future editions of the *Apologia*. But a page of that great book is worth a dozen of these additions, and their main service to us is that they enable us to understand Cardinal Newman better when he speaks to us, himself of himself.

Reviews.

I.—MR. DE VERE'S NEW POEMS.¹

IN his new volume Mr. Aubrey de Vere deals with three legends of the heroic age of Ireland: the last and longest, in five "Fragments"—Books, or, as Mr. Tennyson would have made them, Idylls—gives its name to the work. This, as well as the first poem, "The Sons of Usnach," belongs to a time a little before our era; for in them Conor Conchobar is King of Uladh or Ulster, and it was in his days, it is said, that Christ was born. The other tale, "The Children of Lir," begins 500 years earlier and lasts 900, to St. Patrick's coming. The *Foray* represents the old work called *Tain Bo Cuailgne*, that is, the Rape (or Reaving) of the Cooley Ox. Cuailgne is a place (the Cooley Mountains, near Dundalk), called after a hero of the same name; the ox was the black bull called in Mr. de Vere's poem the Donn Cuailgne (the Cooley Dun), for it was to make herself mistress of him and more than match her husband's white bull Fionbannah, that the Amazonian Queen Meave undertook her foray. This tale, the "Tain," is in some sort the Irish Iliad; rather it is an *Edda*, fragmentary, and mostly in prose; and we have one copy of it in that book St. Kieran at the end of the sixth century wrote with his own hand, and bound in the hide of his famous Dun Cow. The tale of the Sons of Usnach is perhaps as old as the "Tain;" that of the Children of Lir, in its Christian form, is later. These two tales Mr. de Vere tells in a six-line romantic stanza which may be seen below; the "Foray" is in blank verse. A few passages in the poems are free translations.

The following fine passage in the "Sons of Usnach" is from a scene where the beautiful and half-inspired, but unhappy and spell-bound maiden Deirdre—something between Helen of Troy and the Lady of Shalott—asks her Druid master who was it

¹ *The Foray of Queen Meave, and other Legends of Ireland's Heroic Age.* By Aubrey de Vere. London: Kegan Paul, 1882.

made the world. He answers, but his answer comes to little. She rejoins :

"Then God must be a God who hides Himself
In sport; or else for cause we know not of !
And doubtless," thus ran on the careless elf,
"Who hides in sport will show His face in love ;
Much seeking will not find Him. He will come
Then when He wills ; and take His children home.

"For I remember once in yonder wood
My nurse, to mock me, hid her in an oak,
Whilst idly I a dragon-fly pursued :
I missed her soon : I wept : then forth she broke !
Thus likewise God, hearing His creatures moan,
Will flash on them, and cry, ' Mine own, mine own !'

"That day the wise will serve Him ; but the fool
Will sport with Ogham stave, or dragon-fly
That lights his spark—lo there—on dusky pool !
Of those that sport at once and serve am I !
Therefore, come quickly, God ! And thou, good stave,
Fly hence !" And forth she flung it on the wave !

The reader will remark not only the point and vigour of the thought, but the bright terseness of the diction and the happy art (it is no small art), which suits the phrase to the measure, and locks all into its very place with the couplet's fall. Let this be a sample of the whole. The same heroine, we are told, remembered in her nurse's tales only what was good ; this lasted in her mind like letters cut in trees ; but as for "questionable things,"

They passed, like letters written in a rill
That upward laughs to heaven, re-virgined still.

So much of her mind : the following image is of her bodily form :

Between them stretched from pillow on to pillow
The massive trail of Deirdre's luminous hair,
Like gold-touched tendrils of a budded willow
Breeze-blown against the dawn. Already there
The greedy, youngling sunrise made his feast,
Though still in clouds half muffled was the east.

We suppose the weeping willow to be meant and "tendrils" to be used for the tapering and somewhat upward-curling lash-like leaves at the spray-ends. The reader must now turn to the poem itself to see this beautiful creation more fully.

From the touching tale of the "Children of Lir" we can only quote the portrait of the fabulous Tuatha Dedannan :

Fiercer they were, not manlier, than the Gael,
 Large-handed, swift of foot, dark-haired, dark-eyed,
 With sudden gleams athwart their faces pale,
 Transits of fancies swift or angry pride ;
 Strange lore they boasted, impd by insight keen ;
 Blackened at times by gusts of causeless spleen.

The *Foray* contains the exploits of Cuchullain, the Irish Achilles and Hector in one ; the Lancelot of the Irish Round Table, the Red Branch ; in particular how he killed his Patroclus, his bosom-friend and fellow in arms, Ferdia the Fir-bolg ; this same hero nevertheless once ran to the Land's End of County Clare and further, chased by a woman, and only got off by her drowning in the sea ; but that woman was the Sun, which in Irish is feminine. From this poem, traced all with broad and epic strokes, we cannot quote as we should wish : we choose two images. Cuchullain, with awe but not with fear, thrice during one of his single combats catches sight of Mor Reega, the goddess of war, looking at him angrily :

His bodily frame
 Throbbd as a branch against some river swift ;
 And backward turned his hair like berried trails
 Of thorn athwart the hedge.

Every reader will be led to compare these Legends of Ireland with the "Idylls of the King." To rival the Laureate is indeed much like matching oneself with Cuchullain ; nevertheless it will appear that Mr. de Vere's muse has in her favour virtues all her own. Mr. de Vere has, as it seems to us, in a degree now rare, the gift of style : he reminds us most of Thomas Campbell, and is in some sense a child of the last century. He has a perfect command of a masculine and flowing rhetoric, now Latinizing (perhaps in excess, in the use of such words as *prone*, *saturate*, *refluent*, *respire*, *retorted* for *reversed*, *front* for *forehead*), now dealing in archaisms (as *gat*, *drave*, *witto*, *losel*, *leech*, *emprise*), but in substance unaffectedly modern. The stanza he has chosen, somewhat homely in itself, he wields like a master ; everything he says is finely phrased, and the couplet lends itself to epigram.

Answerable to this broad and easy but stately style is the treatment of the story. This treatment belongs to what they call the literary (but all literature is literary), the Virgilian epic. The personages are heroic ; one feels also that they were gentlemen and ladies. They are individualized with a few slight

but powerful strokes. For a couple of "bold bad" women, of Amazonian stem, Queen Meave and her daughter Finobar have the same likeness in difference as Goneril and her sister Regan. The images are fine and drawn from nature: they are not wrought to the exquisite. The landscape is washed in with fresh, pure, and shining colours, but without any great subtlety of eye; it is flushed with a certain stress of feeling, but has not what is called "natural magic" in any marked degree.

But this accomplished style has its own drawbacks and defects. It is not well suited to what in the legends is the simple-minded, and what is marvellous. Mr. de Vere keeps the marvels but has none of the *naïveté*. When he tells how Conor Conchobar's magic shield "Ocean" roared thrice and was answered by the three chief waves of Erin's coasts—he tells it finely, but—he adds "Thus much and more the legends old avouch." But this touch disenchant: the poet must believe his tale or not tell it. However, the great Virgil was worse entangled than this: witness his false step about Ascanius and the damson-tarts. And Cuchullain's exploits in the last great battle are a dreadful surfeit of the undisguisedly incredible. This comes of taking sun-myths in earnest. Sometimes too when Mr. de Vere's heroes talk we are reminded of Johnson's words, "he can say a fine thing finely but not a plain thing plainly." But his genius dramatizes, like Virgil's, instinctively, and indeed the dramatic passages, the scenes, seem to us the very finest in the book: they fall as from a master's hand.

We hope this fine treatment of our national, still lingering legends will not be neglected by the poet's fellow-creedsmen or fellow-countrymen.

2.—MODERN RELIGION AND MODERN UNBELIEF.¹

The Catholic clergy of America, in spite of the comparative fewness of their number, give signs of very promising literary activity, and as we in this country reap the benefit of their labours, the fulfilment of this promise is a subject of almost domestic interest to us. With our many differences, we have many things in common, and a volume like Dr. Spalding's is not only a useful and a brilliant contribution to the current Catholic

¹ *Lectures and Discourses.* By the Right Rev. J. L. Spalding, D.D., Bishop of Peoria. Catholic Publishing Society, New York, 1882.

literature of America, but it is also well calculated to find many attentive readers among ourselves.

The Lectures deal with subjects bearing upon Catholicity and religion, subjects about which we hear a good deal from points of view more or less hostile, but it deals with them with so much freshness and vigour that we hardly recognize our old friends with their new and improved faces, and they seem much improved indeed when they are discussed clearly and sensible, and from a sound Catholic standpoint.

We do not hear so much of the "*alteram partem*." The apostles of modern views are loud talkers and fluent writers, and they manage to fill the air with their words, and their writings are scattered broadcast. Books and reviews and newspapers harp pretty much on one string, and this continual harping meets with its natural and permitted reward. On certain points one view is taken up pretty generally by the active purveyors of universal knowledge, and the continual repetition of the same idea brings people almost unconsciously to acquiesce in the impression that on these subjects there is only one view, and that one the view which is proclaimed generally and everywhere. It requires much firmness of principle and clearness of head to resist the public opinion of those amongst whom we live, and as these qualities form no essential part of our inherited humanity, many seem to float with the stream who should be swimming against it.

In his lecture on science and religion Dr. Spalding points out the dangerous assimilative power of this mis-named public opinion, mis-named since it ought rather to be called the opinion echoed parrot-like by the "public." Science is much written about and popularized, that is, made much of, in such a way as to delude many into the belief that they know something about science, when they know a few detached scientific facts and conclusions. The fact is evident, public opinion has put science on a high pedestal, and is disposed to bow down before it.

Among the defenders of religion even [says Dr. Spalding] there is very generally an implied acceptance of the supremacy of science. What is the noticeable preaching of the age but an apology for religion? What is held to be so desirable as to show that it is not in contradiction with science? What other means than a reconciliation between these two powers is thought to be a remedy for the unbelief of the times?

This is a fair outline of the tone of thought outside the Catholic Church among those who still believe in God and in a

religion. And the tendencies of these ideas is of course to spread still farther. Yet it is hardly too much to say that the real power wielded by the scientists of the day against religion is derived not so much from the absolute facts to which they can point, as from a vague general impression of great results which are imminent, and which will at last conclusively prove the untenability of all old beliefs. Both parties are eagerly looking into the future.

Positivist and Secularists hope that it shall be made plain that in matter lies the promise and the potency of all life and thought ; while the religious have a vague presentiment that the soul's faith is to receive its final confirmation at the hands of the empiric.

Dr. Spalding points out very well the fallacy of such hopes, and in concluding his lecture shows how and why they originate in the minds of those outside the Church.

The confusion which at present prevails in the realm of religious thought is traceable to the fact that those who accept revelation either deny or fail to recognize that it involves the idea of an authoritative depository of the doctrines revealed. Without such depository the dogmas of supernatural religion can neither be certainly known nor reduced to a logical system. Hence Protestantism, though it has always laid great stress upon reason, and has claimed for itself with special emphasis the epithet rational, is able to present to the world only a fragmentary and contradictory statement of the truths of revelation, while the Catholic system is consistent with itself and so firmly knit, that it cannot be successfully assailed except by impugning the whole supernatural order and consequently God Himself.

The decline of Protestantism in America, which forms the main theme of the last discourse, is a very good sequel to the lecture on science and religion. It shows in concrete facts the results which the earlier lectures deduce from theory, and we may look upon things in America as the shadow of events to come nearer home. The efficacy of Protestantism as a Divine institution for the salvation of souls has certainly had every chance of proving itself, and what are the result it has to show ?

For a hundred years here in the United States the Scriptures have been in the hands of the people, the right of free inquiry has been unrestricted, with the social prejudices all in favour of what is called Bible religion. What is the result ? In a population of over fifty million there are some eight million Protestants, divided into between forty and fifty sects. . . . The masses are in no true sense Protestant any more than they are Catholic. In religion they are simply indifferent or in

doubt, with a growing tendency to take up a hostile attitude towards Christianity. . . . I do not remember ever to have heard a speaker in a public meeting in this country, who alluding to religion, did not think it necessary to disown sectarianism, and yet where is Protestantism if it is not found in the sects? . . . Here the family, the State, and the school are all unsectarian, and this trinity of social powers thus constituted must inevitably undermine and carry away the whole congeries of Protestant sects."

Who will predict the result? The signs of the times are evident enough, and Dr. Spalding evidently thinks we ought to lose no time in making our preparations. It is no doubt the difficulties ahead which make him, in his lecture on "the Catholic Priesthood," so earnestly advise the founding of a house of higher studies for the clergy of America, not only on the ground that a certain proportion of highly educated clergy is absolutely necessary, but also on account of the stimulus it will give to the studies of the younger clerics, thus tending to produce a learned clergy; and a learned clergy, he remarks, is generally good and efficient, while an ignorant clergy can be neither.

But the lectures themselves should be read to be properly appreciated, and most readers will, like ourselves, lay down the book with a regret that it is not longer, and with the wish that Dr. Spalding may soon find time to publish another volume as thoughtful and as interesting.

3.—AN INDEFATIGABLE HISTORIAN.¹

The future historian of the Catholic Church in England will owe a deep debt of gratitude to Brother H. Foley, for the mass of valuable materials which he has gathered together with such unwearied zeal and industry in his *Records of the English Province of the Society of Jesus*. Nor are the sources of his information, as the author assures us, by any means exhausted.

Canon Raine, when reviewing in the *Academy* of August 2, 1879, the fifth volume of the *Record Series*, expresses his belief that "the editor has given us the cream of the materials for the History of the English Province of the Society of Jesus, and has left few sources of important information unexamined." But so far is this supposition from being correct that nearly the whole of the important documents which

¹ *Records of the English Province of the Society of Jesus*. Vol. VII. Part the First. General Statistics of the Province and Collectanea. By Henry Foley, S.J. London: Burns and Oates, 1882.

form the subject of the two parts of the present volume have become accessible only very recently, while much important matter yet remains which, it is hoped, may soon come to hand. (Historical Introduction, p. ix.)

The bulky volume just published forms the first portion of the seventh number of the *Records*, and though it may not present the same attractions to the general reader as some of the previous issues, on account of the absence of any continuous narrative of personal suffering and adventure, it is by no means devoid of interest, and as a book of reference is doubtless the most valuable of the series. The Historical Introduction, which is of considerable length, contains a vast amount of statistical information relative to the Colleges and Novitiate, which, though situated abroad, appertained to the English Province, also regarding the quasi-Colleges and Residences which were the working sub-divisions of the mission, and the Superiors and members of the different houses and departments of the Province. The history of the Colleges proper includes many interesting particulars respecting their first foundation and the vicissitudes through which they passed, owing principally to the Continental wars which were continually raging. From the walls of these religious seminaries went forth a numerous band of apostolic missionaries and many of those glorious martyrs who bore witness to the faith on the rack and at the gibbet under Elizabeth and her successors; likewise a long line of heroic confessors belonging to the first families of the land, who, by their generous devotedness in harbouring the hunted missionary and facilitating his religious ministrations, exposed themselves to the grievous penalties of imprisonment, confiscation, and even death itself in the promotion of the same good cause. It would seem that the latter, by their share in the apostolate, involving so many temporal sacrifices, drew down an abundant spiritual blessing on their families.

It is interesting to observe how the vocation to a religious life in the Society of Jesus spread through many of the old English Catholic families. This is specially noticeable in those of the Petres of Essex, of which eleven members entered the Society; of Plowden of Plowden Hall, county Salop, and at one time of Shiplake, Oxfordshire, of whom nine joined; of Poie, or Pool, of Derbyshire, giving ten. (Historical Introduction, p. xviii.)

And so through a long line of illustrious families, who were most distinguished by their exertions in the cause of religion during the times of persecution.

Among the various catalogues copied from the official records of the Society, which the author has included in his Introduction, is to be found an exact statement of the income of the various Colleges, quasi-Colleges and Residences of the Province, whether arising from fixed endowments or reliable alms. From this we see that the houses of the Order, so far from possessing the fabulous wealth ascribed to them by their enemies, were in most cases barely able to supply the absolute requirements of their members, who in many instances were reduced to extreme poverty. As these returns were made solely for the information of the Father-General, without any idea of their ever falling under the public eye, they must be acknowledged by all to be beyond suspicion.

The Collectanea, which form the body of the work before us, consist of short biographical notices of the deceased members of the English Province, arranged in alphabetical order and carried down to the present year. These when completed—for the present number carries us only as far as the letter R—will form a *résumé* of the previous volumes of the *Records*, embodying the principal facts of the personal history of the members which are scattered up and down throughout the series. Among the subjects of these notices we find the names of many Irish and Scotch Fathers not belonging to the English Province. Their biographies are printed in smaller type for the greater convenience of reference. The value of this portion of the work is much enhanced by the introduction of numerous portraits of the martyred priests, ably executed by the Woodbury Permanent Photographic Company, while the frontispiece of the volume consists of what is no doubt an excellent, and is certainly a most pleasing likeness of the present General of the Order, the venerable Father Beckx. We must add that the writer has shown throughout the work a praiseworthy exactness in quoting his authorities, whose precise words are usually embodied in the text. He also pays a well-deserved tribute of gratitude to one who has preceded him in the same field, namely, the late Dr. Oliver, who "rendered valuable service to the English Province in the compilation of his *Collectanea, or Collections towards illustrating the Biography of the English, Scotch, and Irish Members of the Society of Jesus.*" (P. 559.)

The biographical notices of the Collectanea abound with interesting facts of personal history, though the brevity with which they are necessarily recorded is often disappointing to the

reader. The following amusing anecdote is from the life of Father Norbert Korsack, S.J., who was professor of philosophy and theology at Stonyhurst College towards the beginning of the present century :

A pleasant but characteristic tradition still survives in the neighbourhood regarding this good priest. Two matrons living near Clitheroe, one a Catholic, the other a Protestant, were engaged one cold winter's evening in an animated discussion as to the ministers of their respective creeds, especially upon the point of answering sick calls at night. It was determined among the company to decide the point by a practical test, and bets are said to have depended upon the result. Messengers were despatched to each of the ministers to report a sick call. The one resided near at hand, the other at Stonyhurst College, four dreary miles away. Father Korsack instantly set off, though it was in the dead of the night, and made all haste to the house; but no response was made by the neighbouring minister. On his arrival the Father was greeted with a triumphant exclamation from the winner—"I tould ye he'd cum." The Father, learning how the case stood, good humouredly retraced his steps, though with much fatigue and the loss of his night's repose. (P. 427.)

The readers of this first instalment of the seventh volume of the *Records* which, we may remark, is like the other numbers of the series, both clearly and correctly printed and well got up, will anxiously await the appearance of Part II., which will contain the remaining portion of the Collectanea. These will be followed by a selection from the Annual Letters of the Province which cannot fail to be deeply interesting both to the historian and the general reader. The whole will conclude with a copious index of both parts of the volume.

4.—SOME ESSAYS BY AN AMERICAN PRELATE.¹

Mgr. Seton has just published, or rather republished, a number of interesting essays.¹ They are not, he observes somewhat apologetically in his Preface, on subjects of the day, but even without this advantage they are pleasant and instructive. They sum up in brief what is evidently the result of extensive reading, and the useful historic information which they give is enlivened by well chosen anecdotes. Let us quote one almost at random. We are familiar enough with strikes in our times, and our familiarity with them will make us smile at the more

¹ *Essays on Various Subjects.* By Monsignor Seton, D.D. New York: Catholic Publishing Society, 1882.

than one touch of nature in what is related of the ancient Roman Tibicines, in the essay on "Prose and Poetry in Ancient Music."

The most important corps of musicians at Rome, and the recognized officials of the art, were the *tibicines*, or pipers, who formed a college (or guild), and on one occasion brought the religious affairs of the city to a standstill by seceding in a body, after some real or fancied grievance, to the neighbouring town of Tibur—the modern Tivoli—from which they were only brought back by the treachery of their hosts, who were bribed by the Romans to make them drunk with wine.

There is also an animated sketch of "Italian Commerce in the Middle Ages," giving in some detail an account of the extensive commercial operations of the Italian Republics, commerce which caused Florence to coin the piece of money whose name is still retained in some countries of Europe—the florin. The list of imports and exports, from tar and caviare to to Cashmere shawls and cutlery, is an imposing one, even for our own day.

Mgr. Seton has added to many of his essays the sources of information whence further particulars on special subjects may be gathered, though many of the essays, as for instance those on "The Jews in Rome," and on "The Palatine Prelates in Rome," are sufficiently full and detailed for the generality of readers.

5.—A FRENCH STORY OF THRILLING INTEREST.¹

The very interesting story which Miss Sadlier, the daughter of the well-known authoress, has so carefully translated, is in many ways a novel of decidedly more than average merit. A single volume completes the tale, and the interest is well sustained throughout. Although a distinct moral purpose pervades the entire book, though, in fact, the tone throughout is so unmistakably religious in character that *Idols* would hardly be out of place on the shelves of an ascetic library, the whole idea and plan is still perfectly true to life, full of stirring incident, and marked by a complete absence of unreal sentiment and affectation. The piety is thoroughly honest and genuine, and not of the goody-goody sort. The translation is, on the whole, very well done. The American spelling of such words as "neighbour," "favour," "sceptical," "crenellated," is also, of

¹ *Idols*; or, the Secret of the Rue Chaussée d'Antin. Translated from the French of Raoul de Navéry by Anna T. Sadlier. New York: Benziger Brothers, 1882.

course, rather an eye-sore to an English reader; but as the translation is published in America, we can hardly complain on this score. The theology, however, of this capital novel is decidedly defective. One of the chief characters, a holy and zealous priest, apparently labours under the extraordinary delusion, that because a villain who has murdered the poor Abbé's father and stolen his money chooses to go through a mock ceremony of confession, with the sole and evident purpose of escaping detection, the priest is therefore bound by the seal of the sacred tribunal. At the same time, the good Father has no scruple in besieging the pretended penitent with entreaties to release him from his fancied obligation to secrecy. Now all this is bad theology. It implies, at least, two false principles. One is, that a priest is bound by a sham confession to the seal of secrecy; and a second is, that a confessor who is really so bound may still, *salva conscientia*, persecute his penitent to release him. But we hope to treat this important subject in a subsequent number.

6.—THE WATER TOWER.¹

Mrs. Hibbert Ware has studied with great care, and certainly *con amore*, the typographical accessories of her novel, and they form a very interesting portion of it. Chester, Berwick, several parts of Lancashire, Edinburgh, and the Shetlands respectively, are presented to the reader with vividness and minuteness, and the author's descriptions are pointed and adorned with charming little bits of local legend and tradition, and scraps of the old characteristic songs and ballads which are falling fast into complete oblivion.

The story of *The Water Tower* is well told, and though the main incident is improbable, its improbability does not go beyond the legitimate limits within which it must be admitted that the writers of romance have their rights. The departure from possibility in real life is not in the scene which the heroine of the story witnesses from the Water Tower, or in the medium through which she sees the supposed murder; it is in her own subsequent conduct. But, if the explanations which must inevitably occur in real life were to be demanded in fiction there

¹ *The Water Tower; A Story.* By Mrs. Hibbert Ware. London: Tinsley Brothers.

would be an end of it—away at once with love and jealousy, with heroes and heroines, with novels and novelists.

The author of *The Water Tower* has a good deal of facility, and is not deficient in invention; but she lacks skill in the arrangement of her materials, and would do well, next time, ruthlessly to reject all that does not help forward the action of the story. In the present instance she has injured her plot, which is a good one, by indulging in digression; but although we find this fault with the story, we wish to record our opinion that *The Water Tower* is a novel of considerable merit.

7.—ONE OF "US."¹

This novel in three volumes, belonging to the class known as the society novel, is full of pleasant and entertaining reading. The reader will not find in it any very elaborate plot; indeed for the first two volumes he will see very little, if any plot at all. What there is of plot will come upon him by surprise in the third volume, which contains some stirring scenes and striking situations. These, it will perhaps be thought, are at times a trifle mysterious, mystifying, and unintelligible. But this may have been done by the author of set purpose, as the story hinges in great part on the mysterious influence of mesmerism and what not.

But, if the plot is slight, few will question that, *en revanche*, there is abundance of spirited description, and clever, lively, and humorous dialogue. Old subjects, worn thread-bare in the society romance, such as shooting parties and hunting expeditions, and the like, are here treated with a freshness and invested with an interest rarely found in books of the sort. In a word, there is no lack of evidence in *One of "Us,"* that its author, a well-known Catholic, has contrived to unite in his own person qualities which are not often found in combination, those, namely, of a good Christian, a gentleman, a man of the world, and an agreeable writer.

¹ *One of "Us,"* A Novel in Three Vols. By E. Randolph, Jun.

Literary Record.

I.—BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS.

IT would not be easy to find a more useful book on our Lady than the volume which Father Mercier has compiled from the pastorals and discourses of the late Mgr. Pie.¹ The extracts which have been chosen with so much discrimination, constitute in their connected form a fairly complete storehouse of Marian theology, and they possess an advantage over any professed compendium, inasmuch as they are expressed in language which is at once simple and popular without ceasing to be theological. The practical utility of the book is enhanced by the clear analysis prefixed to each discourse, and the copious analytical index which Father Mercier has drawn up will be found exceedingly useful by those who wish to read up any special point of doctrine bearing upon Our Lady, or who are looking for some suggestions for framing discourses upon the same theme.

Father Mercier has not only produced an eminently useful book, but he has by so doing also raised a graceful monument which is none the less appropriate because the saintly prelate has himself, we may say unconsciously, furnished all the materials, and which will serve to extend the devotion which was dearest to his heart from his boyhood till his death.

We have received from Messrs. Duffy and Sons a book long needed—a new edition of Father Parsons' *Christian Directory*.² This most excellent and admirable book is a model of sound, solid, practical Christian teaching. It is one of those old-fashioned books which is never out of fashion, and its old antique phraseology and quaint turn of expression somehow adds to its weight. For retreats and spiritual reading, no better book exists. Its author was a Fellow and Tutor of Balliol College, Oxford, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. He gave up his Fellowship in order to join the Catholic Church, and after studying civil law and physic at Padua, joined the

¹ *La Vierge Marie*. D'après Mgr. Pie. Par le R. P. Mercier, S.J. Paris : H. Oudin. 1881.

² *The Christian Directory, Guiding Men to their Eternal Salvation*. By the Rev. Robert Parsons, S.J. Dublin : James Duffy and Sons.

Society of Jesus, and in course of time was sent on the perilous English Mission in company with Father Campion. They were the first two Jesuits who ever laboured in England. Father Campion had not long been at work when he was taken by the pursuivants and executed. Father Parsons had a narrow escape, God had further labours in store for him. After starting a College in France for English Catholics, he became Rector of the English College at Rome, where he died 1610. Among his many writings there is none so widely celebrated as the *Christian Directory*. First printed in 1583, a second edition appeared in 1584, and more than a dozen editions in all have appeared from time to time. The present one is very handy and portable, and what is also of importance—is very moderate in price.

American Catholics are laudably active in translating standard works of piety and devotion, among these is Father Pergmayr's *Truths of Salvation*, which is a translation of the Eight days' Retreat published among his works. It is the best book we have seen in English for those who make a retreat according to the method of St. Ignatius, and want some aid in developing points on which to meditate. As a book for general use it is excellent. The thoughts are put before the reader in an attractive and interesting way—always a difficult task for the writers of books of meditation—one in which those who succeed in writing beautiful spiritual works on other subjects often fail. It is simple and clear, the translation is good, it is not expensive, and is very nicely got up.

II.—MAGAZINES.

The current number of the *Dublin* is full of articles of varied interest. Father Malone's account of the origin of the days of the week in languages displays a thorough acquaintance with his subject, and brings out a number of curious facts—*e.g.* the total absence of religion in Teutonic nomenclature. The origin of the names of all the days of the week in English is pagan, while in German five days have pagan, the remaining two indifferent names. In Irish, on the contrary, four names out of the seven are religious. Father Malone points out the influence of nomenclature on belief and practice, and we

¹ *Truths of Salvation*. By Rev. J. Pergmayr, S.J. Translated by a Father of the same Society. New York : Benziger Brothers.

thoroughly agree with him. But we fear he is a little too hopeful when he says that there is at present no danger of a national relapse into paganism. We are not quite sure of what nation he is speaking, but at all events in England we seem to be gradually relapsing into paganism or something worse. The termination of the sketch of St. Francis de Sales' life and writings is most excellent and edifying, and brings out into strong relief his saintly and beautiful character. In "The Vices of Agnostic Poetry," Mr. Earle does good service by showing the hideous and revolting caricature of all that is holy which Agnosticism holds up for our admiration, and the ribald blasphemy which its professors vomit forth against Him whom they pretend to be ignorant of, while they at least have sufficient knowledge of Him to hate and insult Him. One remark of Mr. Earle's deserves to be written in letters of gold: "Poets," he says, "to be great must be Christians. True, Homer, the Greek dramatists, Pindar, and Virgil were not so, but they had instincts identical with those of Christians. They had a reverence for the unseen world and for Divine authority. . . . Unbelieving poets have to write like Christians when they would become great and make a deep impression on their mind. . . . Mr. Alfred Austin has never written any poem one half so beautiful as the "Madonna's Child." What Mr. Earle says of poetry is equally true of art. Poetry and painting alike crave after an ideal, and without a God an ideal is a contradiction in terms.

The *Katholik* for June contains an article an education in Ireland. The writer, free from the heartburnings which the present deplorable state of affairs cannot fail to occasion in all the parties concerned in the question, gives a calm and just statement of facts. Without making too much of the present state of feeling in Ireland, he does not hesitate to assert that the English have prepared the scourge for their own shoulders by their persistent oppression and repression of Catholicism. In another article a good account is given of the influence on the mind of Germany of French Voltairianism and English rationalism sweeping away the feeble ramparts of Protestantism, which, having removed the bulwarks of dogmatic religion, was, when deprived of the support of the secular power, utterly unable to resist the flood of unbelief. The present anti-Christian spirit is the logical outcome of the so-called "enlightenment" of the last century.

The two numbers of the *Stimmen aus Maria-Laach* (Nos. 5 and 6, 1882), contain much interesting matter, and deserve more than the cursory mention which our space only allows of. Father Pachtler continues his series of articles on the Roman question, and shows that the occupation of Rome, the metropolis, not of Italy alone, but of Christendom, undermines the security of all the European states, and shakes the foundation of social peace and order, by outraging the first principles of right and justice. Father Baumgartner gives us the third—and we regret to say the last—of his papers on Dorothea V. Schlegel, an uncommon and highly gifted woman, the varied circumstances of whose external life, and the struggles of whose inner life in her search after truth, have lately been brought into notice by the publication of her letters. The new theory that suicide is the inevitable effect of certain physical influences, not an act of the will, has already been refuted in a former number of the *Stimmen*. We have now another paper on the same subject, showing by the statistics adduced and the arguments urged, that this crime is a shadow which dogs the steps of unbelief and irreligion, increasing in proportion to their growth. Father Kreiten's account of the compilation of the Spiritual Exercises is given partly in St. Ignatius' own words, and is no less interesting than instructive. The sons of St. Ignatius may well love to retrace the origin, twofold in its character—for it was both natural and supernatural—of this incomparable book, in which the sublime combination of human and divine wisdom appears on every page. The readers of the *Stimmen* are invited to make a visit of inspection to the dwelling of a middle-class citizen of the Rhine-land in 1555; the glimpse afforded of interior arrangements and domestic customs is curious and amusing, the more so because the antique is so much in vogue at present. Enough has been said to show that the current number of this periodical is one of even more than usual merit and interest, but we must yet mention an article on the culture of early nations by Father Langhorst, and another—which we hope will escape the argus eyes of the Government—by Father Cathrein, on the deification of the State in Germany, the rulers of which now appear to consider themselves responsible neither to God nor man, authorized to rule with an iron rod, and to sacrifice all and everything to what they are pleased to call the good of the community at large.

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